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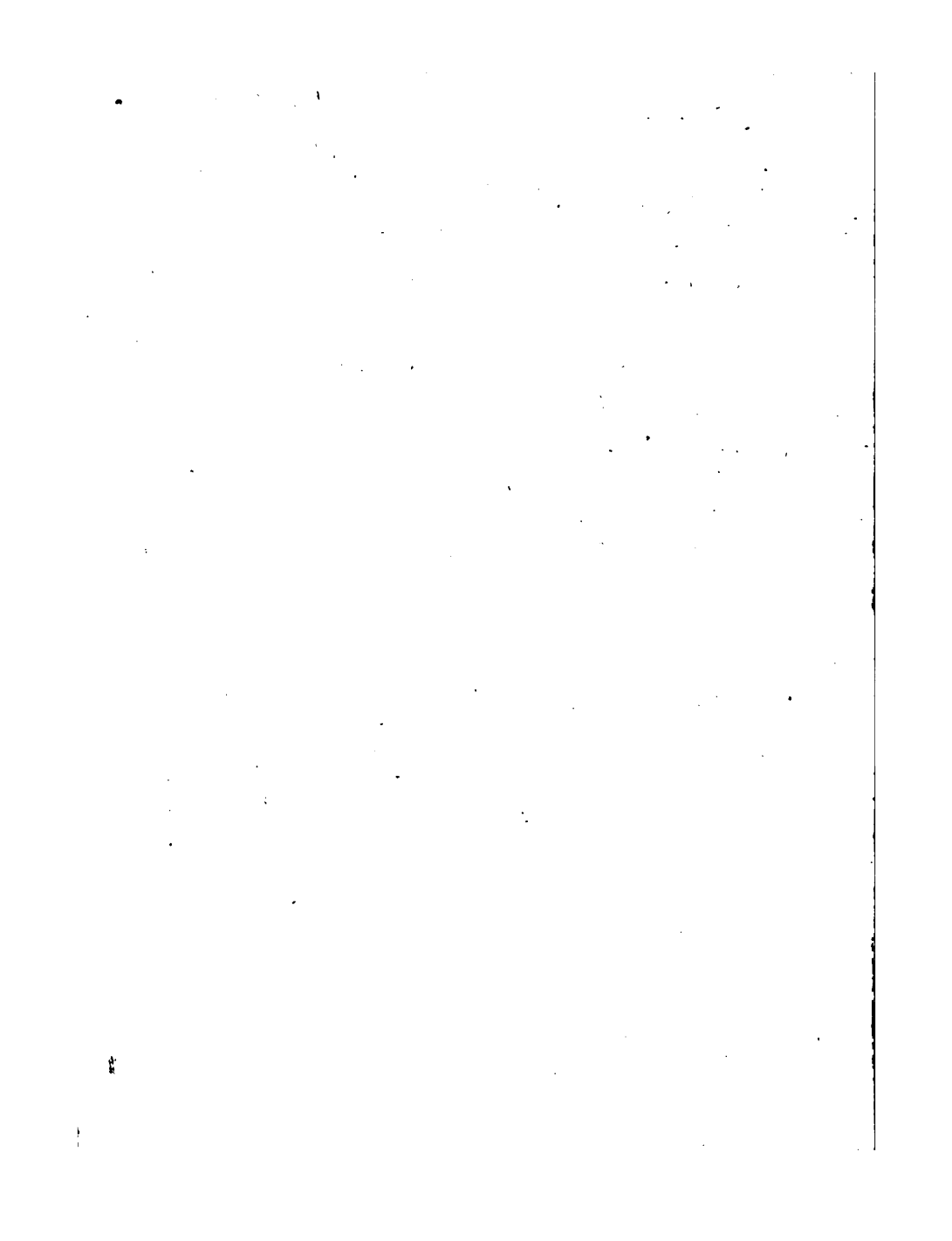


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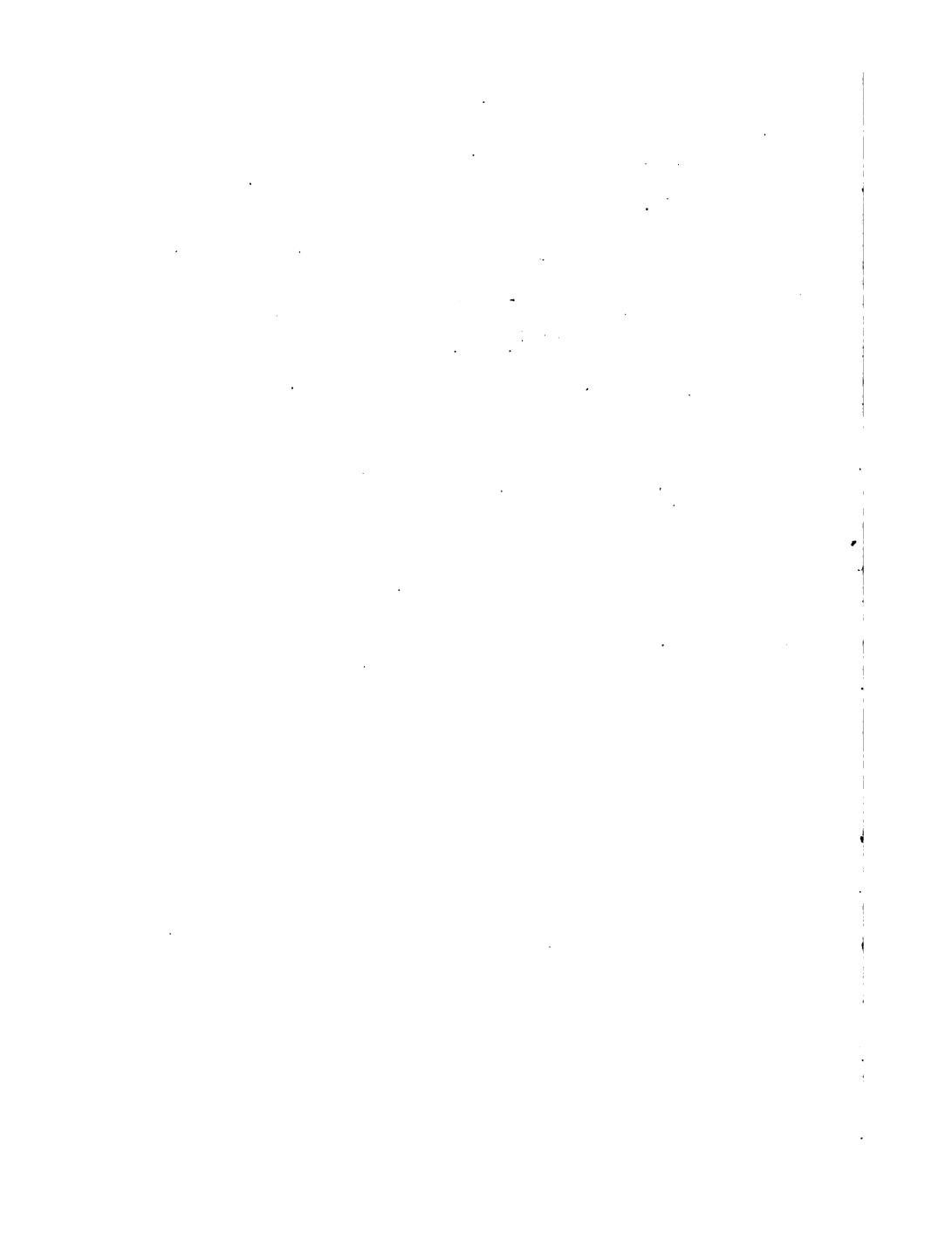
THE
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ROSSMAN AND MILLS



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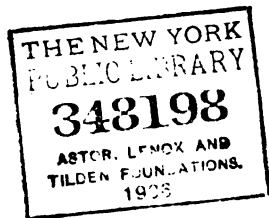
THE
DICTATION SPELLING BOOK

BY
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MARY INSTITUTE, ST. LOUIS.

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By MARY B. ROSEMAN AND MARY W. MILLS,

St. Louis, Mo.

PREFACE.

This book is the result of a plan successfully worked out in the class-room by the compilers, and is therefore the direct outcome of practical experience. The chief object of the dictations is the teaching of correct spelling but there are other distinct and definite aims.

Each lesson contains a number of words which already form a part of the child's speaking vocabulary, and are valuable only as words to be correctly spelled; but besides these familiar words, each selection also presents certain entirely new words with which the child has no acquaintance, and which are valuable not only as spelling material, but also as they serve to enrich his vocabulary.

In teaching such words, it seems most essential

that they be presented in their proper relation, as used by the best authors, and not as isolated words, totally unrelated, as is the case with the ordinary spelling list.

The average child of twelve or thirteen has not sufficient experience or judgment to guide him in the choice of dictionary definitions, and is, moreover, confused by the number of definitions given of a single word. In studying these dictation exercises, he does not need to consult the dictionary for the meanings of all the new words he meets, but is, in many cases, led to the meaning by the context. If, however, he must resort to the dictionary, he is certainly helped to a right choice of definition by the fact that the unfamiliar word forms part of a connected thought; and the word itself becomes more surely his because of this.

Not only is the child's vocabulary increased by these single new words, but as he constantly meets with phrases and sentences which accurately and beautifully convey some thought familiar to him, but for which he has no adequate expression, it is believed that his power to put

his own thoughts into clear and pertinent language will be thereby increased.

The discussion and frequent writing and re-writing of selections from our best authors necessarily leads the child to some appreciation and taste for good English, and tends to arouse an interest in the authors themselves as well as in their works.

The child's mental growth is, in the nature of things, an extremely gradual process; it is necessary, therefore, that the same subject be repeatedly presented, though in a slightly varied form, before he becomes master of it. The selections in this book are very carefully graded, from the simple to the comparatively difficult, and many of the difficult words occur again and again.

As children acquire knowledge only through a presentation that appears to them sensible, no selection has been chosen which does not contain a completely unified thought.

As to punctuation: after five or six fundamental rules have been mastered, the best results are obtained when the child is led to realize from observation and imitation, that punctuation is a simple and sensible matter, rather than the

complicated and arbitrary process that it too frequently appears to him.

A few suggestions as to the use of the book are offered. First of all, it is expected that no exercise be assigned for preparation until the teacher has carefully discussed it with the class; this gives an opportunity to teach experimentally the use of words, marks of punctuation, the name and somewhat of the personality of the author, and to consider any literary or historical allusion that may require explanation. After the exercise has thus been made comprehensive ^{to} to the class, it should be assigned as a lesson, to be carefully studied. The children should then be required to reproduce it exactly from the teacher's dictation. Without such rigid exaction, the whole system would prove valueless.

In a few instances, slight verbal changes have been made in the standard texts of the authors chosen; but this has been done only when it seemed necessary to make the detached selection more easily comprehensible, and in no case has the essential meaning of a passage been altered.

1.

Now the chair in which Grandfather sat was made of oak, which had grown dark with age, but had been rubbed and polished till it shone as bright as mahogany. It was very large and heavy, and had a back that rose high above Grandfather's head. This back was curiously carved in open work, so as to represent flowers and foliage and other devices, which the children had often gazed at, but never could understand. On the very tiptop of the chair, over the head of Grandfather himself, was the likeness of a lion's head, which had such a savage grin that you would almost expect to hear it growl and snarl.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

2.

The torrents of Norway leap down from their mountain homes with plentiful cataracts, and run brief but glorious races to the sea. The streams of England move smoothly through green fields and beside ancient, sleepy towns. The Scotch rivers brawl through the open moorland and flash along steep Highland glens. The rivers of the Alps are born in icy caves, from which

they issue forth with furious, turbid waters; but when their anger has been forgotten in the slumber of some blue lake, they flow down more softly to see the vineyards of France and Italy, the gray castles of Germany, and the verdant meadows of Holland.—*Henry Van Dyke.*

3.

Professor Lessing, the celebrated German philosopher, was remarkable for his absent-mindedness.

One night, returning from a walk, he knocked at his own door, and the servant, not recognizing her master in the dark, said quickly, "The Professor is not at home."

"Never mind," said Lessing, abstractedly, turning away, "tell him I shall come again some other time."—*Anonymous.*

4.

All the inhabitants of the little village are busy. One is clearing a spot on the verge of the forest for his homestead; another is hewing the trunk of a fallen pinetree, in order to build himself a dwelling; a third is hoeing in his field of Indian corn. Here comes a huntsman out of the woods,

dragging a bear which he has shot, and shouting to the neighbors to lend him a hand. There goes a man to the sea-shore, with a spade and a bucket, to dig a mess of clams, which were a principal article of food with the first settlers. Scattered here and there are two or three dusky figures, clad in mantles of fur, with ornaments of bone hanging from their ears, and the feathers of wild birds in their coal-black hair.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

5.

Far out in the ocean, where the water is as blue as the prettiest corn-flower, and as clear as crystal, it is very, very deep; so deep, indeed, that no cable could fathom it. There dwells the Sea King and his subjects. We must not imagine that there is nothing at the bottom of the sea but bare yellow sand. No, indeed; the most singular flowers and plants grow there, the leaves and stems of which are so pliant, that the slightest agitation of the water causes them to stir as if they had life. In the deepest spot of all, stands the castle of the Sea King. Its walls are built of coral, and the long, Gothic windows are of the clearest amber. The roof is formed of shells that open and close as the water flows over them.

Their appearance is very beautiful; for in each lies a glittering pearl, which would be fit for the diadem of a queen.—*Hans Andersen.*

6.

The Sea King's palace was one of those splendid sights which we can never see on earth. The walls and the ceiling of the large ball-room were of thick, transparent crystal. Many hundreds of colossal shells, some of a deep red, others of a grass green, stood on each side in rows, with blue fire in them, which lighted up the whole saloon, and shone through the walls, so that the sea was also illuminated. Innumerable fishes, great and small, swam past the crystal walls; on some of them the scales glowed with a purple brilliancy, and on others they shone like silver and gold. Through the halls flowed a broad stream, and in it danced the mermen and the mermaids to the music of their own sweet singing.

Hans Andersen.

7.

See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,

Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairily well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design!—*Alfred Tennyson.*

8.

A Quaker had a quarrelsome neighbor, whose cow often broke into the Quaker's well-cultivated garden. One morning, having driven the cow from his premises to the owner's house, he said to him, "Friend, I have driven thy cow home once more; and if I find her in my garden again, I——"

"Suppose you do," his neighbor angrily exclaimed, "what will you do?"

"Why," said the Quaker, "I'll drive her home to thee again, friend."

The cow never again troubled the Quaker.

Anonymous.

9.

I got over the fence, and laid me down in the shade to rest my limbs, for I was very weary, and fell asleep; but judge you, if you can, that read my story, what a surprise I must be in when I was awakened out of my sleep by a voice calling

me by my name several times: "Robin, Robin, Robin Crusoe; poor Robin Crusoe. Where are you, Robin Crusoe? Where are you? Where have you been?"

But no sooner were my eyes open, but I saw my Poll sitting on the top of the hedge, and immediately knew that it was he that spoke to me; for in just such bemoaning language I had used to talk to him and teach him.—*Daniel Defoe.*

10.

It would have made a Stoic smile to see me and my little family sit down to dinner. There was my majesty, the prince and lord of the whole island; I had the lives of all my subjects at my absolute command; I could give liberty and take it away, and no rebels among all my subjects. Then, too, to see how like a king I dined, all alone, attended by my servants! Poll, as if he had been my favorite, was the only person permitted to talk to me. My dog, who was now grown very old and crazy, sat always at my right hand; and two cats, one on one side of the table and one on the other, expecting now and then a bit from my hand as a mark of especial favor.

Daniel Defoe.

11.

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the center all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O solitude! Where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair,
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There is mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

William Cowper.

12.

Sir Walter Scott, in lending a book one day to a friend, cautioned him to be punctual in returning it. "This is really necessary," said the poet, in apology; "for though many of my friends are

bad arithmeticians, I observe almost all of them are excellent book-keepers.”—*Anonymous.*

13.

The first snow came. How beautiful it was, falling so silently all day long, all night long, on the mountains, on the meadows, on the roofs of the living, on the graves of the dead! All white save the river, that marked its course by a winding, black line across the landscape; and the leafless trees, that against the leaden sky now revealed more fully the wonderful beauty and intricacy of their branches. What silence, too, came with the snow, and what seclusion! Every sound was muffled, every noise changed to something soft and musical. No more tramping hoofs, no more rattling wheels! Only the chiming sleigh-bells, beating as swift and merrily as the hearts of children.—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

14.

“Have some wine,” the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. “I don’t see any wine,” she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice angrily.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was your table," said Alice; "it's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first remark.

"You should learn not to make personal remarks," Alice said with some severity; "it's very rude."—*Lewis Carroll.*

15.

Don't flatter yourself that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become. Except in cases of necessity, which are rare, leave your friend to learn unpleasant truths from his enemies; they are ready enough to tell them.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

16.

How sweet and gracious, even in common speech,
Is that fine sense which men call Courtesy!
Wholesome as air and genial as the light,
Welcome in every clime as breath of flowers,—
It transmutes aliens into trusting friends,
And gives its owner passport round the globe.

James T. Fields.

17.

Grandfather loved a wood-fire far better than a grate of glowing anthracite, or than the dull heat of an invisible furnace, which seems to think that it has done its duty in merely warming the house. But the wood-fire is a kindly, cheerful, sociable spirit, sympathizing with mankind, and knowing that to create warmth is but one of the good offices expected from it. Therefore it dances on the hearth, and laughs broadly through the room, and plays a thousand antics, and throws a joyous glow over the faces that encircle it.—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

18.

Think every morning, when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old melodious madrigals of love!
And when you think of this, remember too,
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The waking continent, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.
*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, (Birds of Kill-
ingworth.)*

19.

Upon a money-lender complaining to Baron Rothschild that he had lent ten thousand francs to a person who had gone off to Constantinople without leaving any acknowledgment of the debt, the baron said:

“Well, write to him and ask him to send you the fifty thousand francs he owes you.”

“But he owes me only ten,” said the money-lender.

“Precisely,” rejoined the Baron, “and he will write and tell you so, and thus you will get his acknowledgment of it.”—*Anonymous.*

20.

It was one of those spacious farm-houses, with high-ridged but lowly sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers; the low, projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning-wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted.

Washington Irving.

21.

The sun does not shine for a favored few, but for the wide world's joy. The lonely pine on the mountain-top waves its sombre boughs and cries, "Thou art my sun!" The little meadow violet lifts its cup of blue, and whispers with its perfumed breath, "Thou art my sun!"

So God sits effulgent in Heaven, not for a favored few, but for the universe of life. There is no creature so poor or so low that he may not

look up with confidence and say, "Thou art my Father!"—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

22.

Where shall we keep the holiday,
And duly greet the entering May?
Too strait and low our cottage doors,
And all unmeet our carpet floors;
No spacious court, nor monarch's hall,
Suffice to hold the festival.
Up and away! where haughty woods
Front the liberated floods.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

23.

I like, on these sunny days, to look into the Luxembourg Garden; nowhere else is the eye more delighted with life and color. In the afternoon, especially, it is a baby-show worth going far to see. The avenues are full of children, whose animated play, light laughter, and happy chatter, and pretty, picturesque dress, make a sort of fairy grove of the garden; and all the nurses of that quarter bring their charges there, sewing, gossiping, and comparing the merits of the little dears. One baby differs from another

in glory, I suppose; but I think on such days that they are all lovely, taken in the mass, and all in sweet harmony with the delicious atmosphere, the tender green, and the other flowers of spring. A baby can't do better than to spend its spring days in the Luxembourg Garden.

Charles Dudley Wardner.

24.

James Russell Lowell says of Abraham Lincoln, "He was a man of humble birth and ungainly manners, of little culture beyond what his own genius supplied; but he became more absolute in power than any monarch of modern times, through the reverence of his countrymen for his honesty, his wisdom, his sincerity, his faith in God and man, and the nobly humane simplicity of his character."

25.

Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who
taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys

Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught?
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven?
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, (Birds of Killingworth).

26.

There were no trees in the neighborhood of the house where I was born. It stood in the midst of grass, and nothing but grass was to be seen for a long way on every side of it. There was not a gravel path or a road near it. Its walls, old and rusty, rose immediately from the grass. Green blades and a few heads of daisies leaned trustingly against the brown stone, all the sharpness of whose fractures had long since vanished, worn away by the sun and the rain, or filled up by the slow lichens, which I used to think were young stones growing out of the wall. All about the house—as far, at least, as my lowly eyes could see—the ground was perfectly level, and this lake of greenery, out of which it rose like a solitary rock, was to me an unfailing mystery and delight.—*George MacDonald.*

(27)

Without more delay, the prince leading, the pair proceeded down through the echoing stairway of the tower, and out through the grating, into the ample air and sunshine of the morning, and among the terraces and flower-beds of the garden. They crossed the fish-pond, where the carp were leaping as thick as bees; they mounted, one after another, the various flights of stairs, snowed upon, as they went, with April blossoms, and marching in time to the great orchestra of birds. Nor did they pause till they had reached the highest terrace of the garden. Here was a gate into the park, and hard by, under the tuft of laurel, a marble garden seat. Hence they looked down on the green tops of many elm-trees, where the rooks were busy; and beyond that, upon the palace roof, and the yellow banner flying in the blue.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

28.

“Please come back and finish your story!” Alice called after the Mouse; and the others all joined in chorus, “Yes, please do!” but the mouse

only shook its head impatiently, and walked a little quicker.

"What a pity it wouldn't stay!" sighed the Lory, as soon as it was quite out of sight; and an old crab took the opportunity of saying to her daughter, "Ah, my dear! Let this be a lesson to you never to lose *your* temper!"

"Hold your tongue, Ma!" said the young crab, a little snappishly. "You're enough to try the patience of an oyster!"

Alice in Wonderland.

29.

Hark! 'tis the bluebird's venturous strain,
High on the old fringed elm at the gate—
Sweet-voiced, valiant on the swaying bough,
Alert, elate,
Dodging the fitful spits of snow,
New England's poet-laureate,
Telling us Spring has come again.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

30.

As I grew older I became more adventurous;
and one evening, although the shadows were beginning to lengthen, I went on and on until I

made a discovery. I found a half-spherical hollow in the grassy surface. I rushed into its depths as if it had been a mine of marvels, threw myself on the ground, and gazed into the sky as if I had now, for the first time, discovered its true relation to the earth. The earth was a cup, and the sky its cover. There were lovely daisies in this hollow—not too many to spoil the grass, and they were red-tipped daisies. I lay and looked at them in delight—not at all inclined to pull them, for they were where I loved to see them.

George MacDonald.

31.

On one occasion a maid asked Dean Swift's permission to attend her sister's wedding. He not only gave her permission, but lent her a horse upon which to make the journey, and another servant to accompany her. In the excitement of the moment the unfortunate girl forgot to close the door after her, and Swift, allowing time for her to get some distance upon her journey, sent another servant post-haste to fetch her back. In fear and trembling the poor girl presented herself before the Dean, asking him what he wanted her for. "Only to shut the door," was the reply, "after which you may resume your journey."

Anonymous.

32

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day; the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frost into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubble-fields.

Washington Irving.

33.

It must be confessed that a wood fire needs as much tending as a pair of twins. I would as soon have an Englishman without side-whiskers as a fire without a big back log; and I would rather have no fire than one that required no tending;—one of dead wood that could not sing again the imprisoned songs of the forest, or give out, in brilliant scintillations, the sunshine it absorbed in its growth. A wood fire on the hearth is a

kindler of domestic virtue. It brings in cheerfulness and a family center, and, besides, it is artistic. I should like to know if an artist could ever represent on canvas a happy family gathered around a hole in the floor, called a register.

Charles Dudley Warner.

34.

In a poet's room, where his inkstand stood on the table, the remark was once made, "It is wonderful what can be brought out of an inkstand."

"Yes, certainly," said the inkstand to the pen and to the other articles that stood on the table; "it's quite incredible, and I really don't know what is coming next when that man dips his pen into me. One drop of me is enough for half a page of paper, and what cannot half a page of paper contain? From me, all the works of the poet are produced; all those imaginary characters whom people fancy they have known or met, all the deep feeling, the humor, and the vivid pictures of nature. I myself don't understand how it is, for I am not acquainted with nature, but it certainly is in me."—*Hans Andersen.*

35.

Life is good, and opportunities of becoming and doing good are always with us. Our house, our table, our tools, our books, our city, our country, our language, our business, our profession,—the people who love us and those who hate, they who help and they who oppose,—what is all this but opportunity? Whatever can help me to think and love, whatever can give me strength and patience, whatever can make me humble and serviceable, though it be a trifle light as air, is opportunity, whose whim it is to hide in unconsidered things.—*John Lancaster Spalding.*

36.

Blest be the spot where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks, that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

Oliver Goldsmith.

37.

When we are as yet small children, there comes to us a youthful angel, holding ~~up~~ his right hand cubes like dice, and in his left, spheres like marbles. The cubes are of stainless ivory, and on each is written in letters of gold—Truth. The spheres are veined and streaked and spotted beneath, with a dark crimson flush above, where the light falls on them, and in a certain aspect we can make out upon every one of them the three letters, L, i, e. The child to whom they are offered very probably clutches at both. The spheres are the most convenient things in the world; they roll with the least possible impulse just where the child would have them. The cubes will not roll at all; they have a great talent for standing still and always keep right-side up.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

38.

But very soon the young philosopher finds that things which roll so easily are very apt to roll into the wrong corner, while he always knows where to find the others, which stay where they are left. Thus he learns to drop the streaked and

speckled globes of falsehood, and to hold fast the white, angular blocks of truth. But then comes Timidity, and after her Good-nature, and last of all Polite-behavior; and the first with her coarse rasp, and the second with her broad file, and the third with her silken sleeve, do so round off and smooth and polish the snow-white cubes of truth, that, when they have got a little dingy by use, it becomes hard to tell them from the rolling spheres of falsehood.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

39.

Ceremonies are different in every country; but true politeness is everywhere the same. Ceremonies, which take up so much of our attention, are only artificial helps which Ignorance assumes in order to imitate Politeness, which is the result of Good Sense and Good Nature. A person possessed of these qualities, though he had never seen a court, is truly agreeable; and if without them, would continue a clown, though he had been all his life a gentleman usher.—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

40.

A friend called on the great sculptor, Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue. Sometime

afterward he called again; the sculptor was still at his work. His friend, on looking at the figure, exclaimed, "Have you been idle since I saw you last?"

"By no means," replied the sculptor; "I have retouched this part, polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb."

"Well, well," said the friend, "but all these are trifles."

"It may be so," replied Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."—*Colton.*

41.

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises in the first place from the enjoyment of one's self; and in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions. False happiness loves to be in a crowd and to draw the eyes of the world upon her; she does not receive any satisfaction from the applause which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others.

Joseph Addison.

42.

He was a most extraordinary-looking little gentleman. His cheeks were very round and red, and might have warranted a supposition that he had been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight-and-forty hours; his moustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed salt-and-pepper color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about six feet in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a "swallow-tail," but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous cloak.

John Ruskin.

43.

I had come to Stratford on a poetical pilgrimage. My first visit was to the house where Shakespeare was born, and where, according to tradition, he was brought up to his father's craft of wool-combing. It is a small, mean-looking edifice of wood and plaster, a true nestling-place of genius,

which seems to delight in hatching its offspring in by-corners. The walls of its squalid chambers are covered with names and inscriptions in every language, by pilgrims of all nations, ranks, and conditions, from the prince to the peasant.

Washington Irving.

44.

A dew-drop falling on the wild sea wave,
Exclaimed in grief, "I perish in this grave!"
But in a shell received, that drop of dew
Into a pearl of marvelous beauty grew;
And happy now, the grace did magnify
Which thrust it forth, as it had feared, to die;
Until again, "I perish quite!" it said,
Torn by a diver from its ocean bed.
O unbelieving! so it came to gleam
Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem.

From the Persian.

45.

It is a very fine old place, of red brick, softened by a pale, powdery lichen which has dispersed itself with happy irregularity, so as to bring the red brick into terms of friendly companionship

with the limestone ornaments surrounding the three gables, the windows, and the door-place. But the windows are patched with wooden panes, and the door, I think, is like the gate—it is never opened; how it would groan and grate against the stone floor if it were! For it is a solid, heavy, handsome door, and must once have been in the habit of shutting with a sonorous bang.

George Eliot.

46

“Papa,” said Franz, as we were thus engaged, and he handed me the fibres as I required them, “are these wild trees or tame trees?”

“Oh, these are wild trees, most ferocious trees,” laughed Jack, “and we are tying them up lest they should run away, and in a little while we will untie them, and they will trot about after us and give us fruit wherever we go. Oh, we will tame them; and they shall have a ring through their noses like the buffalo!”

“That’s not true,” replied Franz, gravely, “but there are wild and tame trees; the wild ones grow out in the woods like the crabapples, and the tame ones in the garden like the pears and peaches at home. Which are these, papa?”

The Swiss Family Robinson.

47.

Within the verge of the wood there were columbines, looking more pale than red, because they were so modest, and had thought proper to seclude themselves too anxiously from the sun. The trailing arbutus hid its precious flowers under last year's withered leaves, as a mother-bird hides her young ones. It knew, I suppose, how beautiful and sweet-scented they were. So cunning was their concealment that the children sometimes smelt the delicate richness of their perfume before they knew whence it proceeded.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

48.

As the sun goes to the horizon, we have an effect sometimes produced by the best Dutch artists,—a wonderful transparent light, in which the landscape looks like a picture, with its church-spires of stone, its wind-mills, its slender trees, and red-roofed houses. It is a good light and a good hour in which to enter Bruges, that city of the past. Once the city was greater than Antwerp; and up the Rege came the commerce of the East; merchants from the Levant, traders in

jewels and silks. Now the tall houses wait for tenants, and the streets have a deserted air.

Charles Dudley Warner.

49.

It is a base untruth to say that happy is a nation that has no history. Thrice happy is the nation that has a glorious history. Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows no defeat.

Theodore Roosevelt.

50.

The prince was early abroad; in the time of the first chorus of birds, of the pure and quiet air, of the slanting sunlight and the mile-long shadows. To one who had passed a miserable night, the freshness of that hour was tonic and reviving; to steal a march upon his slumbering fellows, to be the Adam of the coming day, composed and fortified his spirits; and the prince, breathing deep and pausing as he went, walked in the wet fields beside his shadow, and was glad.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

51.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Lord Byron.

52.

Cooking means the knowledge of all herbs and fruits and balms and spices; of all that is healing and sweet in fields and groves, and savory in meats; it means carefulness, and inventiveness, and watchfulness, and willingness, and readiness of appliance; it means the economy of your great-grandmothers, and the science of modern chemists; it means much tasting and no wasting; it means English thoroughness, and French art, and Arabian hospitality; it means, in fine, that you are to be perfectly and always "ladies"—"loaf-givers."—*John Ruskin.*

53.

I see the solemn gulls in council sitting
On some broad ice-floe, pondering long and late,
While overhead the home-bound ducks are fitting,
And leave the tardy conclave in debate.

Those weighty questions in their breasts revolving,
Whose deeper meaning science never learns,
Till at some reverend elder's look dissolving,
The speechless senate silently adjourns.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

54.

The fishermen's cottages faced the west; they were low and wide, not unlike scows drifted ashore and moored on the beach for houses. The little windows had gay curtains fluttering in the breeze, and the rooms within looked clean and cheery; the rough walls were adorned with the spoils of the fresh-water seas,—shells, green stones, agate, spar, and curiously shaped pebbles; occasionally there was a stuffed water-bird, or a bright colored print, and always a violin. Black-eyed children played in the water which

bordered their narrow beach-gardens, and slender women with shining black hair stood in their doorways knitting.—*Constance F. Woolson.*

55.

An ancient story runs that the birds once met to choose a monarch; whoever soared the highest was to reign over them. Up sprang all the birds into the air, but the highest of all rose the eagle, who, after mounting until his wearied wings could beat no more, proclaimed himself the sovereign of the birds. But, all unperceived, the little wren had been quietly perching upon his shoulders, and as soon as the eagle ceased to mount, he rose on tiny pinions far above the wearied eagle, and twittered forth the victory of wit and intellect over bulk and physical strength.

Burt G. Wilder.

56.

The fairy path that we pursue,
Distinguished but by greener hue,
Winds round the purple brae,
While Alpine flowers of varied dye
For carpet serve, or tapestry.
See how the little runnels leap,

In threads of silver, down the steep,
To swell the brooklet's moan!
Seems that the Highland Naiad grieves,
Fantastic while her crown she weaves
Of rowan, birch, and alder leaves,
So lovely, and so lone!—*Sir Walter Scott.*

57.

The evening wind made such a disturbance among some tall elm-trees at the bottom of the garden, that we could not forbear glancing that way. As the elms bent to one another like giants who were whispering secrets, and after a few seconds of such repose, fell into a violent flurry, tossing their arms about as if their late confidences were really too wicked for their peace of mind, some weather-beaten old rooks'-nests burdening their higher branches swung like wrecks upon a stormy sea.—*Charles Dickens.*

58.

What a wonderful order there is in all human labor! While the husbandman furrows his land, and prepares for every one his daily bread, the town artisan, far away, weaves the stuff in which he is to be clothed; the miner seeks under the

ground the iron for his plough; the soldier defends him against the invader; the judge takes care that the law protects his fields; the merchant occupies himself in exchanging his products with those of different countries; the men of science and of art add every day a few horses to this ideal team, which draws along the material world, as steam impels the gigantic trains of our iron roads. Thus all unite together, all help one another; the poorest man included in this association has his place; each is something in the whole.—*Emile Souvestre*. (tr.)

59.

I sat down, and taking the reeds, speedily manufactured half a dozen arrows and feathered them from the dead flamingo. I then took a strong bamboo, bent it, and strung it so as to form a bok. When the boys saw what I had done they were delighted, and begged to have the pleasure of firing the first shot.

“No, no!” said I, “I did not make this for mere pleasure, nor is it even intended as a weapon. Elizabeth,” I continued to my wife, “can you supply me with a ball of stout thread from your wonderful bag?”

“Certainly,” replied she, “I think a ball of

thread was the first thing to enter the bag," and diving her hand deep in, she drew out the very thing I wanted.—*The Swiss Family Robinson.*

60.

Where the brook runs into the first hearing of the sea, to defer its own extinction, it takes a lively turn inland, giving a pleasant breadth of green between itself and its destiny. At the breath of salt the larger trees hang back, and turn their boughs up; but plenty of pretty shrubs come forth, and shade the cottage gardens; neither have the cottage walls any lack of leafy mantle, where the summer sun works his own defeat by fostering cool obstructions. For here are tamarisks, and jassamine, and the old-fashioned corchorus, flowering all the summer through, as well as the myrtle, that loves the shore.—*R. D. Blackmore.*

61.

The burn kept growing both in force and volume; and still, at every leap, it fell with heavier plunges and spun more widely in the pool. Great had been the labors of that stream, and great and agreeable the changes it had wrought. It had cut

through dykes of stubborn rocks, and now, like a blowing dolphin, spouted through the orifice; along all its humbler coasts, it had undermined and rafted-down the goodlier timber of the forest; and on these rough clearings it now set and tended primrose gardens, and planted woods of willow, and made a favorite of the silver birch.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

62.

Man is a creature designed for two different lives. His first is short and transient; his second permanent and lasting. The question we are all concerned in is this: whether we should endeavor to secure to ourselves the pleasures and gratifications of a life that is uncertain and precarious, or to secure the pleasures of a life that is fixed and settled and will never end.

Joseph Addison.

63.

A Syrian or Arabian pasture is very different from the narrow meadows and fenced hillsides with which we are familiar. It is vast, and often virtually boundless. By far the greater part of it is desert—that is, land not absolutely barren,

but refreshed by rain for only a few months, and through the rest of the year abandoned to the pitiless sun that sucks all life from the soil. The landscape is nearly all glare,—monotonous levels or low ranges of hillocks, with as little character upon them as the waves of the sea, and shimmering in mirage under a cloudless heaven.

George Adam Smith.

64.

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;
Beyond, red roofs above a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a mouldered church; and higher,
A long street climbs to one tall-towered mill;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down
With Danish barrows; and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of its own.

Alfred Tennyson.

65.

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. This maxim is worthy of the fool

in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim. If men are to wait for liberty till they have become wise and good in slavery, they may, indeed, wait forever.

Thomas B. Macaulay.

66.

You have seen the Rhine in pictures; you have read its legends. You know, in imagination at least, how it winds among craggy hills of splendid form, turning so abruptly as to leave you often shut in with no visible outlet from the wall of rock and forest; how the castles, some in ruins as unsightly as any old pile of rubbish, others with feudal towers and battlements, still perfect, hang on the crags, or stand sharp against the sky, or nestle by the stream, or on some lonely island. You know that the Rhine has been to Germans what the Nile was to Egyptians,—a delight, and the theme of song and story. Here the Roman eagles were planted; here Caesar bridged and crossed the Rhine; and here the French found a momentary halt to their invasion of Germany, at different times.—*Charles Dudley Warner.*

67.

The Star Spangled Banner! Was ever flag so beautiful, did ever flag so fill the souls of men? The love of woman; the sense of duty; the thirst for glory; the heart-throbbing that compels the humblest American to stand by his colors fearless in the defense of his native soil and holding it sweet to die for it,—the yearning which draws him to it when exiled from it—its free institutions and its blessed memories, all are embodied and symbolized by the broad stripes and bright stars of the nation's emblem.

Henry Watterson.

68.

In all climates Spring is beautiful. The birds begin to sing; they utter a few rapturous notes, and then wait for an answer in the silent woods. Those green-coated musicians, the frogs, make holiday in the neighboring marshes. They, too, belong to the Orchestra of Nature, whose vast theater is again opened, though the doors have been so long bolted with icicles, and the scenery hung with snow and frost like cobwebs. This is the prelude which announces the opening of the

scene. Already the grass shoots forth. The waters leap with thrilling pulse through the veins of the plants and trees, and the blood through the veins of man. What a thrill of delight in Springtime!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

69.

Not many sounds in life—and I include all urban and all rural sounds—exceed in interest a knock at the door. It gives a very echo to the throne where Hope is seated. But its issues seldom answer to this oracle within. It is so seldom that just the person we want to see comes. But of all the clamorous visitations, the welcomest in expectation is the sound that ushers in, or seems to usher in, a Valentine.—*Charles Lamb.*

70.

The life of a swarm of bees is like an active and hazardous campaign of an army. The ranks are being continually depleted and continually recruited. What adventures they have by flood and field, and what hair-breadth escapes! A strong swarm during the honey season loses, on an average, about four or five thousand per month.

They are overwhelmed by wind and rain, caught by spiders, benumbed by cold, crushed by cattle, drowned in rivers or ponds, and in many ways cut off or disabled.—*John Burroughs.*

71.

A vulgar man is captious and jealous, eager and impetuous about trifles. He suspects himself to be slighted, thinks everything that is said meant at him; if the company happens to laugh, he is persuaded they laugh at him; he grows angry and testy, says something impertinent, and draws himself into a scrape, by showing what he calls a proper spirit, and asserting himself.

Lord Chesterfield.

72.

Those who are in the habit of remarking such matters must have noticed the passive quiet of an English landscape on Sunday. The clacking of the mill, the regularly recurring stroke of the flail, the din of the blacksmith's hammer, the whistling of the plowman, the rattling of the cart, and all other sounds of rural labor, are suspended. The very farm dogs bark less frequently, being less disturbed by passing travelers. At

such times I have almost fancied the winds sunk into quiet, and that the sunny landscape, with its fresh green tints melting into the blue haze, enjoyed the hallowed calm.

Washington Irving.

73.

Out of a pellucid brook,
Pebbles round and smooth I took;
Like a jewel, every one
Caught a color from the sun,—
Ruby red and sapphire blue,
Emerald and onyx, too;
Not a precious stone I missed,—
Gems I held from every land
In the hollow of my hand.

Workman Water these had made
Patiently through sun and shade.
With the ripples of the rill
He had polished them, until
Smooth, symmetrical, and bright,
Each one, sparkling in the light,
Showed within its burning heart
All the lapidary's art;
And the brook seemed thus to sing,
"Patience conquers everything."

Frank Dempster Sherman.

74.

The most complete and healthy sleep that can be taken in the day is in summer-time, out in the fields. There is perhaps no solitary sensation so exquisite as that of slumbering on the grass or hay, shaded from the hot sun by a tree, with the consciousness of a fresh but light air running through the wide atmosphere, and the sky stretching far overhead upon all sides. Earth and heaven, and a placid humanity, seem to have the creation to themselves. There is nothing between the slumberer and the naked and glad innocence of nature.—*Leigh Hunt.*

75.

The youngest brother was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors, as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He was usually appointed to the honorable office of turn-spit, when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other

times he used to clean the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them by way of encouragement, and a wholesome quantity of dry blows by way of education.—*John Ruskin.*

76.

Fritz once more cast his eyes over the expanse of plain before us, and after looking fixedly for a moment, exclaimed:

“Is it possible that I see a party of horsemen riding at full gallop toward us? Can they be wild Arabs of the desert?”

“Arabs, my boy! Certainly not; but take the spyglass and make them out exactly. We shall have to be on our guard, whatever they are!”

“I cannot see distinctly enough to be sure,” said he presently, “and imagination supplies the deficiency of sight in most strange fashion. I could fancy them wild cattle, loaded carts, wandering haycocks—in fact, almost anything I like.”

The spyglass passed from hand to hand; but when it came my turn to look, I pronounced them to be very large ostriches.

The Swiss Family Robinson.

77.

After a rapid survey, the general assigned his troops their respective quarters, and took as vigorous precautions for security, as if he had anticipated a siege instead of a friendly entertainment. The space was encompassed by a stone wall with towers or heavy buttresses at intervals, affording a good means of defense. He planted his cannon so as to command the approaches, stationed his sentinels along the works, and, in short, enforced as strict military discipline as had been observed in any part of the march.—*William H. Prescott.*

78.

The red dawn at last struggled through the vaporous veil that hid the landscape. Then occurred one of those magical changes peculiar to the climate, yet perhaps pre-eminently notable during that historic winter and spring. By ten o'clock on that 3rd day of May, 1780, a fervent, June-like sun had rent that vaporous veil, and poured its direct rays upon the gaunt and haggard profile of the Jersey hills. The chill soil

responded but feebly to the kiss; perhaps a few of the willows that yellowed the river-banks took on a deeper color. But the country folk were certain that spring had come at last.

Bret Harte.

79.

Ichabod rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of his saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a scepter; and, as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose—for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called—and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail.—*Washington Irving.*

80.

There is nothing which we receive with so much reluctance as advice. We look upon the man who gives it as offering an affront to our understanding, and treating us as children or idiots. We consider the instruction as implicit

censure, and the zeal which any one shows for our good on such occasion, as a piece of presumption or impertinence.—*Joseph Addison.*

81.

The highroads in rural England are made pleasant to the traveler by a border of trees, and often afford him the hospitality of a wayside bench beneath a comfortable shade. But a fresher delight is to be found in the footpaths, which go wandering away from stile to stile, along hedges, and across broad fields, and through wooded parks, leading you to little hamlets of thatched cottages, ancient, solitary farm-houses, picturesque old mills, streamlets, pools, and all those quiet, secret, unexpected, yet strangely familiar features of English scenery that Tennyson shows us in his idylls and eclogues.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

82.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveler or stranger visit us to taste our gooseberry wine, for which we had great reputation; and I profess, with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them to find fault with

it. Our cousins, too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the herald's office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honor by these claims of kindred; however, my wife always insisted that, as they were the same flesh and blood, they should sit with us at the same table. So that, if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us; and as some men gaze with admiration at the colors of a tulip or the wing of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces.

Oliver Goldsmith.

83.

The night fell upon the prince while he was treading green tracks in the lower valleys of the wood; and though the stars came out overhead and displayed the interminable order of the pine-tree pyramids, regular and dark like cypresses, their light was of small service to a traveler in such lonely paths, and from thenceforth he rode at random. The austere face of nature, the uncertain issue of his course, the open sky and the free air, delighted him like wine; and the hoarse chafing of a river on his left sounded in his ears agreeably.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

84.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fire-place, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

85.

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book.
Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a
good book is the precious life-blood of a master
spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose, to
a life beyond life.—*John Milton.*

I have ever gained the most profit, and the
most pleasure also, from the books which have
made me think the most; and, when the diffi-
culties have once been overcome, these are the
books which have struck the deepest root, not
only in my memory and understanding, but like-
wise in my affections.—*Anonymous.*

86.

Six days of hard and incessant toil made but little impression on the face of the cliff; but we still did not despair, and were presently rewarded by coming to softer and more yielding substance; our work progressed, and our minds were relieved.

On the tenth day, as our persevering blows were falling heavily, Jack, who was working diligently with a hammer and crowbar, shouted:

“Gone, father! Fritz, my bar has gone through the mountain!”

“Run round and get it,” laughed Fritz; “perhaps it has dropped into Europe,—you must not lose a good crowbar.”

“But, really, it is though; it went right through the rock; I heard it crash down inside. Oh, do come and see!” he shouted excitedly.

The Swiss Family Robinson.

87.

The summer had come before the tardy spring was quite gone, and the elms before the window no longer lispied, but were eloquent in the softest zephyrs. There was the flash of birds in among

the bushes, the occasional droning of bees in and out the open window, and a perpetually swinging censer of flower incense rising from below.

The farm had put on its gayest bridal raiment; and, looking at the old farm-house shadowed with foliage and green creeping vines, it was difficult to conceive that snow had ever lain on its porches, or icicles hung from its mossy eaves.

Bret Harte.

88.

The art in which the Mexicans most delighted was their feather work. With this they could produce all the effect of a beautiful mosaic. The gorgeous plumage of the tropical birds, especially of the parrot tribe, afforded every variety of color; and the fine down of the humming bird, which reveled in swarms among the honeysuckle bowers of Mexico, supplied them with soft aerial tints that gave an exquisite finish to the picture. The feathers, pasted on a fine cotton web, were wrought into dresses for the wealthy, hangings for apartments, and ornaments for the temples. No one of the American fabrics excited such admiration in Europe, whither numerous specimens were sent by the Conquerors. It is to be regretted that so graceful an art should have been suffered to decay.—*William H. Prescott.*

89.

No hero of ancient or modern days can surpass the Indian in his lofty contempt of death, and the fortitude with which he sustains its cruellest afflictions. Indeed, we here behold him rising superior to the white man, in consequence of his peculiar education. The latter rushes to glorious death at the cannon's mouth, the former calmly contemplates its approach and triumphantly endures it, amidst the varied torments of surrounding foes, and the protracted agonies of fire.

Washington Irving.

90.

Honor the soul; truth is the beginning of all good; and the greatest of all evils is self-love; and the worst penalty of evil-doing is to grow into likeness with the bad; for each man's soul changes, according to the nature of his deeds, for better or for worse.—*Plato.*

Man is his own star; and the soul that can
Render an honest and perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late;
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

91.

The thirtieth of July was come Nature seems to make a pause just then—all the loveliest flowers are gone, the sweet time of early growth and vague hopes is past; and yet the time of harvest and ingathering is not come, and we tremble at the possible storms that may ruin the precious fruit in the moment of its ripeness. The woods are all one dark, monotonous green; wagon-loads of hay no longer creep along the lanes, scattering their sweet-smelling fragments on the blackberry branches; the pastures are often a little tanned, yet the corn has not got its last splendor of red and gold; the lambs and calves have lost all traces of their innocent, frisky prettiness, and have become stupid young sheep and cows.

George Eliot.

92.

All seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the genial earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops
fall,

Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the shining moon.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

93.

Be your character what it will, it will be known; and nobody will take it upon your word. Never imagine that anything you can say yourself will varnish your defects or add luster to your perfections; but, on the contrary, it may make the former more glaring, and the latter more obscure. If you are silent upon your own subject, neither envy, indignation, nor ridicule will obstruct or allay the applause which you may really deserve.—*Lord Chesterfield.*

94.

By this time the strong sunshine pierced in a thousand places the pine-thatch of the forest, fired the red boles, irradiated the cool aisles of shadow, and burned in jewels on the grass. The gum of these trees was dearer to the senses than the gums of Araby: each pine, in the lusty morning sunlight, burned its own wood-incense; and

now and then a breeze would rise, and toss these rooted censers, and send shade and sun-gem flitting swift as swallows, thick as bees; and make a brushing bustle of sounds that murmured and went by.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

95.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, "Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord; and this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."—*St. Luke.*

96.

Every man hath two birthdays; two days, at least, in every year, which set him upon revolving the lapse of time, as it affects his mortal duration. The one is that which in an especial manner he termeth his. In the gradual desuetude of all observances, this custom of solemnizing our proper birthday hath nearly passed away, or is left to children, who reflect nothing at all about the matter, nor understand anything in it beyond cake and orange. But the birth of a New Year is of an interest too wide to be pretermitted by king or cobbler. No one ever regarded the first of January with indifference.—*Charles Lamb.*

97.

Every thing hath two handles; the one soft and manageable, the other such as will not endure to be touched. If then your brother do you an injury, do not take it by the hot and hard handle, by representing to yourself all the aggravating circumstances of the fact; but look rather on the soft side, and extenuate it as much as possible, by considering the nearness of the relation, and the long friendship and familiarity between you

—obligations to kindness which a single provocation ought not to dissolve. And thus you will take the accident by the manageable handle.

Epictetus.

98.

The eye, partaking of the quickness of the flashing light, saw in its every gleam a multitude of objects which it could not see at steady noon in fifty times that period. Bells in steeples, with the rope and wheel that moved them; ragged nests of birds in cornices and nooks; faces full of consternation in the tilted wagons that came tearing past, their frightened teams ringing out a warning which the thunder drowned; harrows and plows left in the fields; miles upon miles of hedge-divided country, with the distant fringe of trees, as obvious as the scarecrow in the bean-field close at hand; in a trembling, vivid, flickering instant, everything was clear and plain; then came a flush of red into the yellow light; a change to blue; a brightness so intense that there was nothing else but light; and then the deepest and profoundest darkness.—*Charles Dickens.*

99.

On one of those sober and rather melancholy days in the latter part of autumn, when the shadows of morning and evening almost mingle together, and throw a gloom over the decline of the year, I passed several hours in rambling about Westminster Abbey. There was something congenial to the season in the mournful magnificence of the old pile; and as I passed its threshold, it seemed like stepping back into the regions of antiquity, and losing myself among the shades of former ages.—*Washington Irving.*

100.

I paused to contemplate a tomb on which lay the effigy of a knight in complete armor; the hands were pressed together in supplication upon the breast; the face was almost covered by the morion; the legs were crossed, in token of the warrior's having been engaged in the holy wars. It was the tomb of a crusader,—of one of those military enthusiasts who so strangely mingled religion and romance, and whose exploits form the connecting link between fact and fiction, between the history and the fairy-tale.—

Washington Irving.

101

Was Raphael, think you, when he painted his pictures of the Virgin and Child in all their inconceivable truth and beauty of expression, thinking most of his subject, or of himself? Do you suppose that Titian, when he painted a landscape, was pluming himself on being thought the finest colorist in the world, or making himself so by looking at nature? Do you imagine that Shakespeare, when he wrote "Lear" and "Othello" was thinking of anything but "Lear" and "Othello"? No: he who would be great in the eyes of others must first learn to be nothing in his own. The love of fame, as it enters at times into his mind, is only another name for the love of excellence; or it is the ambition to attain the highest excellence, sanctioned by the highest authority.

William Hazlitt.

102.

First of all, I tell you earnestly and authoritatively that you must get into the habit of looking intently at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable—nay, letter by letter. The study of books is called literature,

and a man versed in it is called, by consent of nations, a man of letters, instead of a man of books or words. You might read all the books in the British Museum, and remain an utterly illiterate, uneducated person; but if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter, that is to say, with real accuracy, you are forevermore in some measure an educated person.

John Ruskin.

103.

Inasmuch as the rabbits had soft banks of herb and vivid moss to sit upon, sweet crisp grass and juicy clover for unlabored victuals—as well as a thousand other nibbles which we are too gross to understand—and for beverage not only all the abundance of the brook, (whose brilliance might taste of men,) but also a little spring of their own, which came out of its hole like a rabbit; and then for scenery all the sea, with strange things running over it, as well as a great park of their own, having countless avenues of rush, ragwort, and thistle-stump—where would they have deserved to be, if they had not been content?—*R. D. Blackmore.*

104.

Berry picking was near enough to hunting and fishing to enlist me when a boy. There was something of the excitement of the chase in the occupation, and something of the charm and preciousness of game about the trophies. The pursuit had its surprises, its expectancies, its sudden disclosures—in fact, its uncertainties. I went forth adventurously. I could wander free as the wind. Then there were moments of inspiration; for it always seemed a felicitous stroke to light upon a particularly fine spot, as it does when one takes an old and wary trout.—*John Burroughs.*

105.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
“This is my own—my native land!”
Whose heart within him ne'er hath burned,
As home his foot-steps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand;
If such there breathes, go mark him well!
For him no minstrel's raptures swell.
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,—

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

Sir Walter Scott.

106.

“Well, my little fellows,” began the doctor, drawing himself up with his back to the fire, the chisel in one hand and his coat-tails in the other, and his eyes twinkling as he looked them over, “what makes you so late?”

“Please, sir, we’ve been out Bigside hare-and-hounds, and lost our way.”

“Hah! You couldn’t keep up, I suppose?”

“Well, sir,” said East, stepping out, and not liking that the doctor should think lightly of his running powers, “we got round Barby all right, but then—”

“Why, what a state you’re in, my boy!” interrupted the doctor, as the pitiful condition of East’s garments was revealed to him.

“That’s the fall I got, sir, in the road,” said East, looking down at himself.—*Thos. Hughes.*

107.

A tyrant king-bird is poised on the topmost branch of a veteran pear tree; and now and then dashes, assassin-like, upon some homebound, honey-laden bee, and then, with a smack of his bill, resumes his predatory watch.

A chicken lies in the sun, with a wing and a leg stretched out,—lazily picking at a gravel, or relieving its *ennui* from time to time with a spasmodic rustle of its feathers. An old matronly hen stalks about the yard, with a sedate step; and with quiet self-assurance she utters an occasional series of hoarse and heated clucks.

Donald G. Mitchell.

108.

The village was one of those sequestered spots which still retain some vestiges of old English customs. It had its rural festivals and holiday pastimes, and still kept up some faint observance of the once popular rites of May. These, indeed, had been promoted by its present pastor. Under his auspices the may-pole stood from year to year in the center of the village green. . . . The picturesque situation of the village, and the

fancifulness of its rustic fêtes, would often attract the notice of casual visitors.—*Washington Irving.*

109.

The chest had been full to the brim, and we spent the whole day in a scrutiny of its contents. There had been nothing like order or arrangement. Everything had been heaped in promiscuously. In coin there was rather more than four hundred and fifty thousand dollars—estimating the value of the pieces as accurately as we could by tables of the period. There were diamonds—some of them exceedingly large and fine; eighteen rubies of remarkable brilliancy; three hundred and ten emeralds, all very beautiful; and twenty-one sapphires, with an opal. The settings appeared to have been beaten up with hammers to prevent identification.—*Edgar Allan Poe.*

110.

Every one has heard of the Spartan youth who hid the stolen fox under his coat, and allowed it to tear out his vitals rather than expose it to view. Girls were trained in athletic exercises nearly similar to those of the boys, but separately. This reared a race of vigorous women, the in-

fluence of whose patriotism in sustaining that of the men is matter of historic celebrity. "Return either with your shield or on it!" was the exhortation of a Spartan mother to her son on his departure for the field of battle.—*Wm. Swinton.*

111.

But let me first tell of the rooms in which the masquerade was held. There were seven—an imperial suite. In many palaces, however, such suites from a long and straight vista, so that the view of the whole extent is scarcely impeded. Here the case was very different, as might have been expected from th prince's love of the *bizarre*. The apartments were so irregularly disposed that the vision embraced but little more than one at a time. There was a sharp turn at every twenty or thirty yards, and at each turn a novel effect. To the right and left, in the middle of each wall, a tall and narrow Gothic window looked out upon a closed corridor which pursued the windings of the suite.—*Edgar Allan Poe.*

112.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land,
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

Joseph Addison.

113.

About half a league from the little seaport of Palos, in the province of Andalusia, in Spain, stands a convent dedicated to St. Mary. Some time in the year 1486, a poor wayfaring stranger,

accompanied by a small boy, makes his appearance on foot at the gate of the convent, and begs of a porter a little bread and water for his child. This friendless stranger is Columbus. Brought up in the hardy pursuit of a mariner,—occasionally serving in the fleets of his native country,—with the burden of fifty years upon his frame, the unprotected foreigner makes his suit to the sovereigns of Portugal and Spain. He tells them that the broad, flat earth on which we tread is round; and he proposes, with what seems a sacrilegious hand, to lift the veil which had hung from the creation of the world over the bounds of the ocean.—*Edward Everett.*

114.

The fancied land proved to be nothing but an evening cloud, and had vanished in the night. With dejected hearts they once more resumed their western course, from which Columbus would never have varied, but in compliance with their clamorous wishes.

For several days they continued on with the same propitious breeze, tranquil sea, and mild, delightful weather. The water was so calm that the sailors amused themselves with swimming about the vessel. Dolphins began to abound, and flying

fish, darting into the air, fell upon the decks. The continued signs of land diverted the attention of the crews, and insensibly beguiled them onward.

Washington Irving.

115.

When the Europeans first touched the shores of America, it was as if they had alighted on another planet. They were introduced to new varieties of plants, and to unknown races of animals; while man, the lord of all, was equally strange in complexion, language, and institutions. It was what they emphatically styled it,—a “New World.” Taught by their faith to derive all created beings from one source, they felt a natural perplexity as to the manner in which these distant and insulated regions could have obtained their inhabitants. The same curiosity was felt by their countrymen at home, and the European scholars bewildered their brains with speculations on the best way of solving this interesting problem.

William H. Prescott.

116.

The mountains wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up, like ways to heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The luster of the long convolvuleses
That coiled around the stately stems, and ran
Even to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,—
All these he saw ; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face.

Alfred Tennyson.

117.

My aunt was a tall, hard-featured lady, but by no means ill-looking. There was an inflexibility in her face, in her voice, in her gait and carriage, amply sufficient to account for the effect she had made upon a gentle creature like my mother ; but her features were rather handsome than otherwise, though unbending and austere. Her dress was of a lavender color and perfectly neat ; but scantily made, as if she desired to be as little encumbered as possible. I remember that I thought

it, in form, more like a riding habit with the superfluous skirt cut off, than anything else.

Charles Dickens.

118.

On going down in the morning, I found my aunt musing so profoundly over the breakfast-table, with her elbow on the tray, that the contents of the urn had overflowed the teapot and were laying the whole table-cloth under water, when my entrance put her meditations to flight. I felt sure that I had been the subject of her reflections and was more than ever anxious to know her intentions toward me. Yet I dared not express my anxiety, lest it should give her offense.

Charles Dickens.

119.

When she had finished her breakfast, my aunt very deliberately leaned back in her chair, knitted her brows, folded her arms, and contemplated me at her leisure, with such a fixedness of attention that I was quite overpowered by embarrassment. Not having as yet finished my own breakfast, I attempted to hide my confusion by proceeding

with it; but my knife tumbled over my fork, my fork tripped up my knife, I chipped bits of bacon a surprising height into the air instead of cutting them for my own eating, and choked myself with my tea, which persisted in going the wrong way instead of the right one, until I gave in altogether, and sat blushing under my aunt's close scrutiny.

Charles Dickens.

120.

One is sometimes asked by young people to recommend a course of reading. My advice would be, that they should confine themselves to the supreme books in whatever literature, or, still better, choose some one great author, and make themselves thoroughly familiar with him. For, as all roads lead to Rome, so do they likewise lead away from it; and you will find that, in order to understand perfectly and weigh exactly any vital piece of literature, you will be gradually and pleasantly persuaded to excursions and explorations of which you little dreamed when you began, and you will find yourselves scholars before you are aware.—*James Russell Lowell.*

121.

"My dear sir," said Scrooge, quickening his pace and taking the old gentleman by both his hands, "how do you do? A merry Christmas to you, sir!"

"Mr. Scrooge?"

"Yes," said Scrooge. "That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness—" Here Scrooge whispered in his ear.

"Lord bless me!" cried the gentleman, as if his breath were taken away. "My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you serious?"

"If you please," said Scrooge, "not a farthing less. A great many back-payments are included in it, I assure you. Will you do me that favor?"

"My dear sir," said the other, shaking hands with him, "I don't know what to say to such munificence."—*Charles Dickens.*

122.

And now the music struck up, and the glorious country dance, best of all dances, began. That merry stamping, that gracious nodding of the head, that waving bestowal of the hand—where

can we see them now? That simple dancing of well-covered matrons, laying aside for an hour the cares of house and dairy, remembering but not affecting youth, not jealous but proud of the young maidens by their side—that holiday sprightliness of portly husbands paying little compliments to their wives, as if their courting days were come again—those lads and lasses, a little confused and awkward with their parents, having nothing to say—it would be a pleasant variety to see all that sometimes.—*George Eliot.*

123.

The most fascinating figure in the history of Scotland is Mary Stuart. Her nature must have combined imagination, taste, sensibility, intellectual power, deep feeling, and a certain joyous, passionate abandonment akin to recklessness. Even at the distance of centuries from her death, her name arouses the liveliest emotions, and for her sake many a place in England and Scotland is now a shrine of sorrowful pilgrimage and pious reverence. Some persons believe the best of her, and some believe the worst; but, irrespective of all belief, the world is conscious of her strange allurements, of her abiding, incessant charm.

William Winter.

124.

Two small aisles on each side of this chapel present a touching instance of the equality of the grave, which brings down the oppressor to a level with the oppressed, and mingles the dust of the bitterest enemies together. In one is the sepulchre of the haughty Elizabeth; in the other is that of her victim, the lovely and unfortunate Mary. Not an hour in the day but some ejaculation of pity is uttered over the fate of the latter, mingled with indignation at her oppressor. The walls of Elizabeth's sepulchre continually echo with the sighs of sympathy heaved at the grave of her rival.

A peculiar melancholy reigns over the aisle where Mary lies buried. The light struggles dimly through windows darkened by dust. A marble figure of Mary is stretched upon the tomb, round which is an iron railing, much corroded, bearing her national emblem—the thistle.

Washington Irving (Westminster Abbey).

125.

Every day of my life makes me feel more and more how seldom a fact is accurately stated; how, almost invariably, when a story has passed through the mind of a third person, it becomes, so far as regards the impression that it makes in further repetitions, little better than a falsehood; and this, too, though the narrator be the most truth-seeking person in existence.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

126.

Just then Mr. Holbrook appeared at the door, rubbing his hands in a very effervescence of hospitality. He looked more like my idea of Don Quixote than ever, and yet the likeness was only external. His respectable housekeeper stood modestly at the door to bid us welcome; and while she led the elder ladies upstairs to a bedroom, I begged to look about the garden. My request evidently pleased the old gentleman, who took me all around the place, and showed me his six-and-twenty cows, named after the different letters of the alphabet. As we went along, he surprised me occasionally by repeating apt and beautiful quota-

tions from the poets, ranging easily from Shakespeare and George Herbert to those of our own day.—*Mrs. Gaskell.*

127.

The school-house stood in a rather lonely, but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch tree growing at one end of it. From thence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard on a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a bee-hive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge.

Washington Irving.

128.

Of all the beasts that graze the lawn or hunt the forest, a dog is the only animal that, leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendship of man; to man he looks for assistance in all his necessities, with a speaking eye — exerts for him all the little service in his power with cheerful-

ness and pleasure; for him bears famine and fatigue with patience and resignation; no injuries can abate his fidelity, no distress induce him to forsake his benefactor; studious to please, and fearing to offend, he is still a humble, steadfast dependent, and in him alone, fawning is not flattery.—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

129.

Anybody may pass, any day, in the thronged thoroughfares of the metropolis, some meager, wrinkled, yellow old man, creeping along with a scared air, as though bewildered and a little frightened by the noise and bustle. This old man is always a little old man. His coat is of a color and cut that never was the mode anywhere, at any period. Clearly, it was not made for him, nor for any individual mortal. It has large dull metal buttons, similar to no other buttons. This old man wears a hat, a thumbed and napless, and yet an obdurate hat, which has never adapted itself to the shape of his poor head. His coarse shirt and his coarse neckcloth have no more individuality than his coat and hat; they have the same character of not being his—of not being anybody's.—*Charles Dickens.*

130.

A very old house once stood in a street with several that were quite new and clean. The date of its erection had been carved on one of the beams, and surrounded by scrolls formed of tulips and hop-tendrils. By this date it could be seen that the old house was nearly three hundred years old. Verses, too, were written over the windows in old-fashioned letters, and grotesque faces, curiously carved, grinned at you from under the cornices. One story projected a long way over the other, and under the roof ran a leaden gutter, with a dragon's head at the end. The other houses in the street were new and well-built, with large window-panes and smooth walls. Any one could see they had nothing to do with the old house. Perhaps they thought, "How long will that heap of rubbish remain here to be a disgrace to the whole street? The parapet projects so far forward that no one can see out of our windows what is going on in that direction. It is really ridiculous."—*Hans Andersen.*

131.

There is an old story in the East, of a man journeying, who met a dark and dread apparition. "Who are you?" said the traveler, accosting the specter. "I am the Plague," it replied. "And where are you going?" rejoined the traveler. "I am going to Damascus to kill three thousand human beings," said the specter.

Two months afterwards, the man returning met the same specter at the same point. "False spirit," said he, "why dost thou deal with me in lies? Thou didst declare that thou wert going to slay three thousand at Damascus, and lo, thou hast slain thirty thousand!" "Friend," replied the apparition, "be not over hasty in thy judgment; I killed but my three thousand; Fear killed the rest."—*Anonymous.*

132.

The party would willingly have stopped some time here on the declivity of the hill, to enjoy the extensive prospect before them, had they not been apprehensive of the dampness of the grass. "How delightful it would be," exclaimed some one, "if we had a Turkey carpet to lay down here!" The wish was scarcely expressed when the man in the

gray coat put his hand in his pocket, and, with a modest and even humble air, pulled out a rich Turkey carpet embroidered in gold. The servant received it as a matter of course, and spread it out on the desired spot; and without any ceremony, the company seated themselves on it. Confounded by what I saw, I gazed again at the man, his pocket, and the carpet, which was more than twenty feet in length and ten in breadth; and rubbed my eyes, not knowing what to think, particularly as no one saw anything extraordinary in the matter.—*Adelbert von Chamisso.* (tr.)

133.

..

There, beside the fireplace, the brave old general used to sit. He seemed away from us, although we saw him but a few yards off; remote, though we passed close beside his chair; unattainable, though we might have stretched forth our hands and touched his own. It might be that he lived a more real life within his thoughts, than amid the inappropriate environment of the Collector's office. The evolutions of the parade; the tumult of battle; the flourish of old, heroic music, heard thirty years before;—such scenes and sounds, perhaps, were all alive before his intellectual sense.—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

134.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad ;
Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird—
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale ;
She all night long her amorous discants sung ;
Silence was pleased ; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

John Milton.

135.

The remarkable person called by the title of "Old Mortality" was well known in Scotland about the end of the eighteenth century. His real name was Robert Paterson. He was a native, it is said, of the parish of Closeburn, and probably a mason by profession—at least educated to the use of the chisel. Whether family discussions, or the deep and enthusiastic feeling of supposed duty, drove him to leave his dwelling, and adopt the singular mode of life in which he wandèred,

is not known. It could not be poverty, however, which prompted his journeys, for he never accepted anything beyond the hospitality willingly tendered him, and when that was not proffered, he always had money enough to provide for his own humble wants.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

136.

Paul Dombey grew to be nearly five years old. He was a pretty little fellow, though there was something wan and wistful in his small face that gave occasion to many significant shakes of his old nurse's head, and many long-drawn inspirations of his old nurse's breath. His temper gave abundant promise of being imperious in after life; and he had as hopeful an apprehension of his own importance, and the rightful subservience of all other persons and things to it, as heart could desire. He was childish and sportive enough at times; but he had a strange, old-fashioned, thoughtful way at other times, of sitting brooding in his miniature arm-chair.—*Charles Dickens.*

137.

One exquisite painting of the Adoration, in Venice, I think, shows camel heads stretching above the slaves in glittering array, who march in with vessels of silver and of gold. They bear vases, ewers, and censers of flaming metal. There are feather fans and gorgeous umbrellas, parrots and peacocks, reminders of tributes offered before-time at the lion-guarded throne of Solomon. The sweeping robes of silk, brocaded with gold, and ermine mantles of the Kings, fairly shine on the canvas, and the diadems sparkle as though set with actual gems.—*Mrs. Lew Wallace.*

138.

And now they could see the Sirens, on Anthe-mousa, the flowery isle; three fair maidens sitting on the beach, beneath a red rock in the setting sun, among beds of crimson poppies and golden asphodel; slowly they sung, and sleepily, with silver voices mild and clear, which stole over the golden waters, and into the hearts of all the heroes, in spite of Orpheus' song. And as they listened, the oars fell from their hands, and their

heads drooped on their breasts, and they closed their heavy eyes; and they dreamed of bright still gardens, and of slumbers under murmuring pines, till all their toil seemed foolishness, and they thought of their renown no more.

Charles Kingsley.

139.

The air had been warm and transparent through the whole of the bright day. Shining metal spires and church-roofs, distant and rarely seen, had sparkled in the view; and the snowy mountain-tops had been so clear that unaccustomed eyes, cancelling the intervening country, and slighting their rugged height for something fabulous, would have measured them as within a few hours' easy reach. Mountain-peaks of great celebrity in the valleys, whence no trace of their existence was visible sometimes for months together, had been since morning plain and near in the blue sky.—*Charles Dickens.*

140.

It always seems to me as if an access of life came with the melting of the winter's snows; and as if every rootlet of grass that lifted its first

green blade from the matted débris of the old year's decay, bore my spirit upon it, nearer to the largess of Heaven.

I love to trace the break of spring step by step: I love even those long rain-storms that sap the icy fortresses of the lingering winter,—that melt the snows upon the hills, and swell the mountain brooks;—that make the pools heave up their glassy cerements of ice, and hurry down the crashing fragments into wastes of ocean.

Donald G. Mitchell.

141.

The room was very large and lofty. The windows were long, narrow, and pointed, and at so great a distance from the black oaken floor as to be altogether inaccessible from within. Feeble gleams of encrimsoned light made their way through the trellised panes, and served to render sufficiently distinct the more prominent objects around; the eye, however, struggled in vain to reach the remoter angles of the chamber, or the recesses of the vaulted and fretted ceiling. The general furniture was profuse, comfortless, antique, and tattered. Many books and musical instruments lay scattered about, but failed to give any vitality to the scene.—*Edgar Allan Poe.*

142.

The small size of the chapel confirmed the tradition that it had originally been merely the hut of a peasant; and the cross of fir-tree, covered with bark, attested the purpose to which it was now dedicated. The chapel and all around breathed peace and tranquility, and the deep sound of the mighty river seemed to impose silence on each human voice that might presume to mingle with its awful roar.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

143.

We intended to pluck the geese in the spring, but it never came to that. They stole their nests early in March, and entered upon the nurture of their families. Some of their nests we found, notably one under the smoke-house, where the adventurous boy who discovered it was attacked in the dark by its owner and bitten on the nose, to the natural gratification of those who urged him to the enterprise. But he brought away some of the eggs, and we had them fried; and I know nothing that conveys a vividder idea of inexhaustible abundance than a fried goose egg.

William D. Howells.

144.

“Most readers,” says the manuscript of Mr. Patieson, “must have witnessed with delight the joyous burst which attends the dismissing of a village school on a fine summer evening. The buoyant spirits of childhood, repressed with so much difficulty during the tedious hours of discipline, may then be seen to explode, as it were, in shout, and song, and frolic, as the little urchins join in groups on their playground, and arrange their matches of sport for the evening.”

145.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering
wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
Oliver Goldsmith.

146.

No one who visits Nuremberg is likely to dispute its antiquity. One wanders about in the queer streets with the feeling of being transported back to the Middle Ages; but it is difficult to reproduce the impression on paper. Who can describe the narrow and intricate ways; the odd houses with many little gables; the great roofs breaking out from eaves to ridgepole, with dozens of dormer-windows; hanging balconies of stone, carved and figure-beset; ornamented and frescoed fronts; the archways, leading into queer courts and alleys, and out again into broad streets; the towers and fantastic steeples; and the many old bridges, with obelisks and memorials of triumphal entries of conquerors and princes?

Charles Dudley Warner.

147.

The really idle are oppressed by a sense of fatigue, and are therefore tiresome to themselves and others. Let those who complain of having to work undertake to do nothing. If this do not convert them, nothing will. Those who live in inaction on the fruits of the labors of others lose

the power to enjoy, come to feel existence to be a burden, and fall a prey to life-weariness. He sits uneasy at the feast who thinks of the starving; he is not comfortable at his own fireside who remembers those who have none. To know that life is good, one must be conscious that he is helping to make it good, at least for a few.

John Lancaster Spalding.

148.

All the great, and wise, and good among mankind, all the benefactors of the human race, whose names I read in the world's history, and the still greater number of those whose good deeds have outlived their names,—all those have labored for me. I have entered into their harvest, I walk in the green earth which they inhabited, I tread in their footsteps, from which blessings grow. I can undertake the sublime task which they once undertook, the task of making our common brotherhood wiser and happier. I can build forward, where they were forced to leave off; and bring nearer to perfection the great edifice which they left uncompleted.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

149.

Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster.

On entering, the eye is astonished by the pomp of architecture, and the elaborate beauty of sculptured detail. The very walls are wrought into universal ornament, encrusted with tracery, and scooped into niches, crowded with the statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems, by the cunning labor of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft, as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb.—*Washington Irving.*

150.

The sea coast corresponded in variety and beauty with the inland view. In some places it rose into tall rocks, frequently crowned with the ruins of old buildings, towers, or beacons, which, according to tradition, were placed within sight of each other, that, in times of invasion or civil war, they might communicate by signal for mutual defence and protection. Allengowan castle was by far the most extensive of these ruins, and asserted from its size and situation the su-

periority which its founders were said once to have possessed over the chiefs and nobles of the district.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

151.

Beauty is spread abroad through earth and sea and sky, and dwells on the face and form, and in the heart of man; and he will shrink from the thought of its being a thing which he, or any one else, could monopolize. He will deem that the highest and most blessed privilege of his genius is, that it enables him to cherish the widest and fullest sympathy with the hearts and thoughts of his brethren.—*Anonymous.*

152.

Long after Washington's judicious and intrepid conduct in respect to the French and English had made his name familiar to all Europe, Dr. Franklin chanced to dine with the English and French ambassadors, when the following toasts were drunk:

The British ambassador, rising, said:—"England,—the sun whose beams enlighten and fertilize the remotest corners of the earth."

The French ambassador, glowing with national

pride, but too polite to dispute the previous toast, drank:—"France,—the moon whose mild and steady rays are the delight of all nations."

Dr. Franklin arose, and, with his usual dignified simplicity, said:—"George Washington,—the Joshua who commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and they obeyed him!"—*Anonymous.*

153.

As at early dawn the stars stand first, and then it grows light, and then, as the sun advances, that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored lights shine out together. And wherever the flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry no rampant lion and fierce eagle, but only light, and every fold indicative of liberty.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

154.

But it is certain that my own immediate ancestors were both indifferent and ignorant as to questions of pedigree, and accepted with sturdy dignity an inheritance of hard work and the priv-

ileges of poverty, leaving the same bequest to their descendants. And poverty has its privileges. When there is very little of the seen and temporal to intercept spiritual vision, unseen and eternal realities are, or may be, more clearly beheld.

To have been born of people of integrity and profound faith in God, is better than to have inherited material wealth of any kind.

Lucy Larcom.

155.

The sense of proprietary right is strong in dogs and birds and cows and rabbits, and everything that acts by nature's laws. When a dog sits in front of his kennel, fast chained, every stranger dog that comes in at the gate confesses that the premises are his, and all the treasures they contain; and if he hunts about—which he is like enough to do, unless full of self-respect and good victuals—for any bones invested in the earth to ripen, by the vested owner, he does it with a low tail and many pricks of conscience, perhaps hoping in his heart that he may discover nothing to tempt him into a breach of self-respect.

R. D. Blackmore.

156.

It was indeed a morning that might have made any one happy. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains—their lower cliffs in pale gray shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapor, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color along the angular crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spear-like pine. Far above, shot up red splintered masses of castellated rock, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning.

John Ruskin.

157.

No profession in Egypt was considered as grovelling or sordid. By this means arts were raised to their highest perfection. Every man had his way of life assigned him by laws, and it was perpetuated from father to son. By this means, men became more able and expert in employments which they had always exercised from their in-

fancy; and every man, adding his own experience to that of his ancestors, was more capable of attaining perfection in his particular art.

Charles Rollins.

158.

Of learned professions in Egypt, the most important was that of the scribe. Though writing was an ordinary accomplishment of the educated classes, and scribes were not so absolutely necessary as in most Eastern countries, yet still there were a large number of occupations for which professional penmanship was a prerequisite, and others which demanded the learning which a scribe naturally acquired in the exercise of his trade.—*Canon Rawlinson.*

159.

In old times, it is said that caravans threaded the desert like strings of jewels on a tawny background. In the distance they appeared moveless as ropes of bright dyes; and of all that have traversed the route the Damascus train was the richest. Under the green banner of the Prophet, kings and princes set out in howdahs, hung with scarlet and purple, jeweled fringes and feathered

streamers. Pennons fluttered high in air, and the tall spears of the desert chiefs were tufted with fluttering ribbons. Huge white dromedaries jingled their bells with pride equal to their master's, litters draped with costly stuffs were slung between mules and camels, and the commoner animals of the rabble made a picture to stir the dullest imagination.—*Mrs. Lew Wallace.*

160.

A noble nature is as much invigorated with its due proportion of honor and applause, as it is depressed by neglect or contempt; but it is only persons far above the common level who are thus affected with either of these extremes: as in a thermometer it is only the purest spirit that is either contracted or dilated by the benignity or inclemency of the season.—*Richard Steele.*

161.

Of all sounds of all bells (bells, the music highest bordering upon heaven)—most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the old year. I never hear it without a gathering-up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelvemonth; all

I have done or suffered, performed or neglected, in that regretted time. I begin to know its worth, as when a person dies.—*Charles Lamb.*

162.

Washington.

Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence; never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but, when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known, no motive of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision.—*Thomas Jefferson.*

163.

Undertake not to teach your equal in the art he himself professes; it savors of arrogancy.

Be not tedious in discourse; make not many digressions.

Detract not from others, neither be excessive in commending.

If two contend together, take not the part of

either unconstrained; in things indifferent take the major side.—From “Rules of Behavior.”

George Washington.

164.

The frugal snail, with forecast of repose,
Carries his house with him where'er he goes;
Peeps out, and if there comes a shower of rain,
Retreats to his small domicile again.
Touch but a tip of him, a horn, 'tis well,—
He curls up in his sanctuary shell.
He's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay
Long as he will, he dreads no Quarter Day.
Himself he boards and lodges; both invites
And feasts himself; sleeps with himself o' nights.
He spares the upholsterer trouble 'to procure
Chattels; himself is his own furniture,
And his sole riches. Wherso'er he roam,—
Knock when you will,—he's sure to be at home.

Charles Lamb.

165.

It was really delightful to see the old squire seated in his hereditary elbowchair, by the hospitable fireplace of his ancestors, and looking around him like the sun of a system, beaming

warmth and gladness to every heart. Even the very dog that lay stretched at his feet, as he lazily shifted his position and yawned, would look fondly up in his master's face, wag his tail against the floor, and stretch himself again to sleep, confident of kindness and protection. There is an emanation from the heart in genuine hospitality which cannot be described, but is immediately felt, and puts the stranger at once at his ease. I had not been seated many minutes by the comfortable hearth of the worthy old cavalier, before I felt myself as much at home as if I had been one of the family.—*Washington Irving.*

166.

It was a wood of beeches and limes, with here and there a light, silver-stemmed birch—just the sort of wood most haunted by the nymphs; you see their white, sunlit limbs gleaming athwart the boughs, or peeping from behind the smooth-sweeping outline of a tall lime; you hear their soft, liquid laughter; but if you look with a too curious, sacrilegious eye, they vanish behind the silvery beeches; they make you believe that their voice was only a running brooklet; perhaps they metamorphose themselves into a tawny squirrel, that scampers away and mocks you from the topmost bough.—*George Eliot.*

167.

“Our thoughts,” says an eloquent divine, “like the waters of the sea, when exhaled toward Heaven, will lose all their bitterness and saltness, and sweeten into an amicable humanity, until they descend in gentle showers of love and kindness upon our fellow-men.”—*Charles Caleb Colton.*

168.

The eyes of the spectators on the present occasion were attracted to the downward view, not alone by its superior beauty, but because the distant sounds of military music began to be heard from the public high-road which wended up the vale, and announced the approach of the expected body of travelers. Their glimmering ranks were shortly afterward seen in the distance, appearing and disappearing as the trees and the windings of the road permitted them to be visible, and distinguished chiefly by the flashes of light which their arms occasionally reflected against the sun.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

169.

It was so hot, one could fairly see the heat. The doorway opened into a court alive with birds and shady with trees, whose leaves hung wilted and curled in the flaming sunshine. Under a pavilion of porphyry and jasper a fountain's flash and gurgle made cooling sounds, very pleasant to hear. It fell into a basin of alabaster bordered with greenery and blue flags, and fed a lake where swans were swimming and a tame ibis sought food. The sullen King and his gloomy Counselor sat with hands on their knees, their feet close together, like the granite statues of gods on the Nile banks, staring eternally at nothing.

Mrs. Lew Wallace.

170.

In the majority of cases, conscience is an elastic and very flexible article, which will bear a deal of stretching, and adapt itself to a great variety of circumstances. Some people, by prudent management, and leaving it off piece by piece, like a flannel waistcoat in warm weather, even contrive in time to dispense with it altogether; but there be others who can assume the garment and throw

it off at pleasure; and this, being the greatest and most convenient improvement, is the one most in vogue.—*Charles Dickens.*

171.

To most people nature appears calm, orderly and peaceful. They see the birds singing in the trees, the insects hovering over the flowers, the squirrel climbing among the tree-tops, and all living things in the possession of health and vigor, and in the enjoyment of a sunny existence. But they do not see, and hardly ever think of, the means by which this beauty and harmony and enjoyment are brought about. They do not see the constant and daily search after food, the failure to obtain which means weakness or death; the constant effort to escape enemies; the ever-recurring struggle against the forces of nature. This daily and hourly struggle, this incessant warfare, is nevertheless the very means by which much of the beauty and harmony and enjoyment in nature is produced.—*Alfred Russell Wallace.*

172.

They tell us, sir, that we are weak,—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next

week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?—*Patrick Henry*.

173.

The wind came tearing round the corner—especially the east wind—as if it had sallied forth express from the confines of the earth to have a blow at Toby. And oftentimes it seemed to come upon him sooner than it had expected; for, bouncing round the corner, and passing Toby, it would suddenly wheel round again, as if it cried, “Why, here he is!” And Toby himself, all aslant, and facing now in this direction, and now in that, would be banged and buffeted and touzled, and worried and hustled and lifted off his feet, so as to render it a state of things but one degree removed from a miracle that he was not carried up bodily into the air, as a colony of frogs or snails or other portable creatures sometimes are, and rained down again, to the great astonishment of the natives, on some strange corner of the world where ticket-porters are unknown.—*Charles Dickens*.

174.

A fairy, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise were forever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love and victorious in war.

Thomas Babington Macaulay.

175.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own.
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,

His first, best country ever is at home.
And yet perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind.

Oliver Goldsmith.

176.

The Gothic style of architecture, which originated in France, spread over all Europe, and during the XIIIth and XIVth centuries attained its highest perfection. Many of the grandest edifices occupied from one to two centuries in building. With their heaven-piercing spires, their noble arches, their elaborate sculptures and traceries, and their great mullioned windows, on whose "storied panes" the whole history of the Bible is written in the hues of the rainbow by the earnest hand of faith, they remain to this day the most sublime structures ever reared by the hand of man.—*Wm. Swinton.*

177.

Such as it is, there is a great deal of music in the East; not practiced by professionals alone, but attempted by children, old men and women.

Christian, Moslem, Jew, chant their services, and the congregation accompany with a continuous drone on the keynote. Baptism, marriage, burial, all feasts and solemnities, come and go with singing. There is little doubt that the music we hear while journeying through the changeless Orient is the same, and executed on the same instruments and with the accompaniment of the same dances, — military, social, religious, — which pleased the Pharaohs, the Kings of Judah, Assyria, and Babylon.—*Mrs. Lew Wallace.*

178.

Francis Drake sailed from Plymouth to follow Magellan around the world, and he went in a manner consonant with the popular fancy of the countless riches that rewarded such adventures. His cooking vessels were of silver; his table-plate of exquisite workmanship. The Queen knighted him, gave him a sword, and said, "Whoever striketh at you, Drake, striketh at us." A band of musicians accompanied the fleet, and the English sailor went to circumnavigate the globe with the same nonchalant magnificence with which, in other days, the gorgeous Alcibiades, with flutes and soft recorders blowing under silken sails, came idling home from victory.

George William Curtis.

179.

The tremendous sea itself, when I could find sufficient pause to look at it, in the agitation of the blinding wind, the flying stones and sand, and the awful noise, confounded me. As the high watery walls came rolling in, and, at their highest, tumbled into surf, they looked as if the least would engulf the town. As the receding wave swept back with a hoarse roar, it seemed to scoop out deep caves in the beach, as if its purpose were to undermine the earth. When some white-headed billows thundered on and dashed themselves to pieces before they reached the land, every fragment of the late whole seemed possessed by the full might of its wrath, rushing to be gathered to the composition of another monster. Undulating hills were changed to valleys, undulating valleys (with a solitary storm-bird sometimes skimming through them) were lifted up to hills.

Charles Dickens.

180.

Through the cross currents of human life, fretted and stained, the tides of nature keep their steady course, and rise to their invariable mar-

gins. The seasons come up undisturbed by crime and war. Spring creeps into even the beleaguered city, through the tents of the besiegers; across trench and scarp, among the wheels of the cannon and over the graves of the dead, grass and wild flowers speed, spreading God's table.

George Adam Smith.

181.

Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

Shakespeare.

182.

One of the singularities of Paris is, that it unites twenty populations completely different in characters and manners. By the side of the gypsies of commerce and of art, who wander through all the several stages of fortune or of fancy, live a quiet race of people with an inde-

pendence, or with regular work, whose existence resembles the dial of a clock, on which the same hand points by turns to the same hours. If no other city can show more brilliant and more stirring forms of life, no other contains more obscure and more tranquil ones. Great cities are like the sea: storms only agitate the surface; if you go to the bottom, you find a region inaccessible to the tumult and the noise.

Emile Souvestre. (tr.)

183.

There is no surer mark of a vain people than their treating other nations with contempt, especially those of whom they know least. It is better to verify the proverb, and take everything unknown for magnificent, than predetermine it to be worthless. The gain is greater; the instinct is more judicious.—*Leigh Hunt.*

184.

A gentleman is not an idler, a trifler, a dandy; he is not a scholar only, a soldier, a mechanic, a merchant; he is the flower of men, in whom the accomplishment of the scholar, the bravery of the soldier, the skill of the mechanic, the sagacity of

the merchant, all have their part and appreciation. A sense of duty is his mainspring, and, like a watch crusted with precious stones, his function is not to look pretty, but to tell the time of day. He feels himself personally disgraced by an insult to humanity, for he, too, is only a man; and however stately his house may be, and murmurous with music, however glowing with pictures and graceful with statues and reverend with books—however his horses may out-trot other horses, and his yacht outsail all yachts—the gentleman is king and master of these, and not their servant; he wears them for ornament, like the ring on his finger or the flower in his buttonhole; and if they go, the gentleman remains.—*George William Curtis.*

185.

Evidently that gate is never opened, for the long grass and the great hemlocks grow close against it; and if it were opened, it is so rusty that the force necessary to turn it on its hinges would be likely to pull down the square stone pillars, to the detriment of the two stone lionesses, which grin, with a doubtful carnivorous affability, above a coat-of-arms surmounting each of the pillars. It would be easy enough, by the

aid of the nicks in the stone pillars, to climb over the brick wall, with its smooth stone coping; but by putting our eyes close to the rusty bars of the gate, we can see the old house well enough, and all but the very corners of the grassy enclosure.

George Eliot.

186.

A gaunt figure, with sunburnt hair, wearing raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins, might pose for Raphael's picture of one crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight." Yonder, among the mountain intervals, Joseph, in every-day suit of sheep-skin, feeds his flocks with his brethren; his coat of many colors you may see in the bazaar. The low-browed, sullen-faced Ishmaelites yet travel from Gilead, with camels bearing spices and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt. Judging by appearances, these remote descendants of the ancient slaveholders would buy Joseph if they dared, and his brethren would sell him cheap.

Mrs. Lew Wallace.

187.

The door, which moved with difficulty on its creaking and rusty hinges, being forced quite open, a square and sturdy little urchin became apparent, with cheeks as red as an apple.

"Well, child," said Hepzibah, taking heart at sight of a personage so little formidable,—“Well, my child, what did you wish for?”

“That Jim Crow there, in the window,” answered the urchin, holding out a cent, and pointing to the gingerbread figure that had attracted his notice, as he loitered along to school; “the one that has not a broken foot.”

So Hepzibah put forth her lank arm, and taking the effigy from the shop window, delivered it to her first customer.

“No matter for the money,” said she, giving him a little push towards the door.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

188.

“Dear Clifford,” said Hepzibah, in the tone with which one soothes a wayward infant, “this is our cousin Phoebe,—little Phoebe Pyncheon,—Arthur’s only child, you know. She has come

from the country to stay with us awhile; for our old house has grown to be very lonely now."

"Phoebe?—Phoebe Pyncheon?—Phoebe?" repeated the guest, with a strange, sluggish, ill-defined utterance. "Arthur's child? Ah, I forget! No matter! She is very welcome!"

"Come, dear Clifford, take this chair," said Hepzibah, leading him to his place. "Pray, Phoebe, lower the curtain a very little more. Now let us begin breakfast."

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

189.

Phoebe, on entering the shop, found there the already familiar face of the little devourer of Jim Crow, the elephant, the camel, the dromedaries, and the locomotive. Having expended his private fortune, on the two preceding days, in the purchase of the above unheard-of luxuries, the young gentleman's present errand was on the part of his mother, in quest of three eggs and half a pound of raisins. These articles Phoebe accordingly supplied, and, as a mark of gratitude for his previous patronage, and a slight superadded morsel after breakfast, put likewise into his hand a whale. The great fish, reversing his experience with the prophet of Nineveh, immediate-

ly began his progress down the same red pathway of fate whither so varied a caravan had preceded him.—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

190.

Longfellow's natural dignity and grace, and the beautiful refinement of his countenance, together with his perfect taste in dress and the exquisite simplicity of his manners, made him the absolute ideal of what a poet should be. His voice, too, was soft, sweet, and musical, and like his face, it had the innate charm of tranquility. His eyes were bluish gray, very bright and brave, changeable under the influence of emotion, but mostly grave, attentive and gentle. The habitual expression of his face may be described as that of serious and tender thoughtfulness.

William Winter.

191.

English travelers are the best and the worst in the world. Where no motives of pride or interest intervene, none can equal them for profound and philosophical views of society, or faithful and graphical descriptions of external objects; but when either the interest or the repu-

tation of their own country comes in collision with that of another, they go to the opposite extreme, and forget their usual probity and candor in the indulgence of splenetic remark, and an illiberal spirit of ridicule.—*Washington Irving.*

192.

Old Homer is the very fountain-head of pure poetic enjoyment, of all that is spontaneous, simple, native, and dignified in life. He takes us into the ambrosial world of heroes, of human vigor, of purity, of grace. He is the eternal type of the poet. In him alone of the poets, a national life is transfigured, wholly beautiful, complete, and happy; where care, doubt, decay, are as yet unborn. All later poetry paints an ideal world, conceived by a sustained effort of invention. Homer paints a world which he saw.

Frederic Harrison.

193.

What innumerable blessings we miss through lack of sensibility, of openness to light, of fair-mindedness, of insight, of teachableness,—virtues which it is possible for all to cultivate! The best is not ours, not because it is far away and un-

attainable, but because we ourselves are indifferent, narrow, shortsighted, and unsympathetic. To make our world larger and fairer, it is not necessary to discover or acquire new objects, but to grow into conscious and loving harmony with the good which is ever present and inviting.

John Lancaster Spalding.

194.

It is for this rare, precious quality of truthfulness that I delight in many Dutch paintings, which many lofty-minded people despise. I find a source of delicious sympathy in these faithful pictures of a monotonous, lonely existence, which has been the fate of so many more among my fellow-mortals than a life of pomp, or of absolute indigence, of tragic suffering, or of world-stirring actions. I turn without shrinking from cloud-borne angels, from prophets, sybils, and heroic warriors, to an old woman bending over her flower-pot, or eating her solitary dinner, while the noon-day light, softened, perhaps, by a screen of leaves, falls on her mop-cap, and just touches the rim of her spinning-wheel.—*George Eliot.*

195.

Noble architecture is one element of patriotism.

James Russell Lowell.

The art of building is the strongest, proudest, and most enduring, of the arts of man; it is the art which is associated with all civic pride and sacred principle; with which men record their power, satisfy their enthusiasm, make sure their defense, define and make dear their habitation.

John Ruskin.

196.

We journeyed for about two hours, and the sun was just setting when we entered a region infinitely more dreary than any yet seen. It was a species of table-land, near the summit of an almost inaccessible hill, densely wooded from base to pinnacle, and interspersed with huge crags that appeared to lie loosely upon the soil, and in many cases were prevented from precipitating themselves into the valleys below, merely by the support of the trees against which they reclined.

Deep ravines, in various directions, gave an air of still sterner solemnity to the scene.

Edgar Allan Poe.

197.

There were no shops in ancient Mexico, but the various manufactures and agricultural products were brought together for sale in the market-places of the principal cities. The traffic was carried on partly by barter, and partly by means of a regulated currency, of different values. This consisted of transparent quills of gold dust; of bits of tin, cut in the form of a T; and of bags of cacao, containing a specified number of grains. "Blessed money," exclaimed Peter Martyr, "which exempts its possessors from avarice, since it cannot be long hoarded, nor hidden under ground."—*William H. Prescott.*

198.

In traveling by land, there is a continuity of scene, and a connected succession of persons and incidents, that carry on the story of life, and lessen the effect of absence and separation. But a wide sea voyage severs us at once. It makes us

conscious of being cast loose from the secure anchorage of settled life, and sent adrift upon a doubtful world. It interposes a gulf, not merely imaginary, but real, between us and our homes—a gulf subject to tempest, and fear, and uncertainty, that makes distance palpable, and return precarious.—*Washington Irving.*

199.

They only joined issue to dispute whether llamas were carnivorous animals or not, in which dispute they were not quite on fair grounds, as Mrs. Forrester acknowledged that she always confused carnivorous and graminivorous together, just as she did horizontal and perpendicular; but then she apologized for it very prettily by saying that in her day, the only use people made of four-syllabled words was to teach how they should be spelled.—*Mrs. Gaskell.*

200.

When we reflect on what man is, on the place he occupies in creation, the faculties with which he has been endowed, the treasures he has received, we can no longer be reconciled to the thought

that all this love, all this force, all this intelligence, should be employed only in the service of their possessor; that God asks of us only that we should not mar his plan, should not cut each other's throats, should not persecute one another; but it is clear, on the other hand, that God has saved us from nothingness that we may be fellow-workers in his sublime task; that he has commanded us to love and to aid our brothers and to do them good.—*Jules Simon.* (tr.)

201.

By a judicious system of canals and subterranean aqueducts, the waste places on the coast were refreshed by copious streams, that clothed them with fertility and beauty. Terraces were raised upon the steep sides of the Cordillera; and, as the different elevations had the effect of difference of latitude, they exhibited in regular gradation every variety of vegetable form, from the stimulated growth of the tropics, to the temperate products of a northern clime; while flocks of llamas—the Peruvian sheep—wandered with their shepherds over the broad snow-covered wastes on the crests of the sierra, which rose beyond the limits of cultivation.

William H. Prescott.

202.

As the astronomers tell us that it is probable that there are in the universe innumerable solar systems besides ours, to each of which myriads of utterly unknown and unseen stars belong; so it is certain that every man, however obscure, however far removed from general recognition, is one of a group of men impressible for good, and impressible for evil; and that it is in the eternal nature of things, that he cannot really improve himself without in some degree improving other men.—*Charles Dickens.*

203. .

It is restful to body and spirit to contemplate the Arab's supreme contentment with his lot, his carelessness of the future, his ineffable dignity of repose from feverish activity and constant straining after an ideal never satisfied, which exists in the more active, but hardly more gifted races of the West. In the enchanting country ruled by the Kaliphs, it was not without reason they had engraved on the public seal, "The servant of the Merciful rests content in the decree of Allah."

Mrs. Lew Wallace.

204.

The fondness for rural life among the higher classes of the English, has had a great and salutary effect upon the national character. I do not know a finer race of men than the English gentlemen. Instead of the softness and effeminacy which characterize the men of rank in most countries, they exhibit a union of elegance and strength, a robustness of frame and freshness of complexion, which I am inclined to attribute to their living so much in the open air, and to pursuing so eagerly the invigorating recreations of the country.—*Washington Irving.*

205.

Jefferson had most of the requisites of a great lawyer; industry so quiet, methodical, and sustained, that it amounted to a gift; learning multifarious and exact; skill and rapidity in handling books; the instinct of research that leads him who has it to the fact he wants, as surely as the hound scents the game; a serenity of temper which neither the ineptitude of witnesses nor the badgering of counsel could ever disturb.

James Parton.

206.

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But have you ever rightly considered what the mere ability to read means? That it is the key which admits us to the whole world of thought and fancy and imagination? To the company of saint and sinner and sage, of the wisest and the wittiest at their wisest and wittiest moment? That it enables us to see with the keenest eyes, hear with the finest ears, and listen to the sweetest voices of all time? More than that, it annihilates time and space for us, endowing us with the shoes of swiftness and the cap of darkness, so that we walk invisible like fern-seed, and witness unharmed the plague at Athens or Florence or London; accompany Caesar on his marches, or look in on Catiline in council with his fellow conspirators, or Guy Fawkes in the cellar of St. Stephen's.—*James Russell Lowell.*

207.

Be good, and love; there is genuine joy only in the 'emotions of the heart; sensibility is the whole man. Leave science to the wise, pride to the nobles, luxury to the rich; have compassion on humble wretchedness; the smallest and most

despised being may in himself be worth as much as thousands of the powerful and the proud. Take care not to bruise the delicate souls which flourish in all conditions, under all costumes, in all ages. Believe that humanity, pity, forgiveness, are the finest things in man; believe that intimacy, expansion, tenderness, tears, are the finest things in the world. To live is nothing; to be powerful, learned, illustrious, is little; to be useful is not enough. He alone has lived and is a man, who has wept at the remembrance of a benefit given or received.—*Henry Taine.*

(Estimate of Dickens' Philosophy.)

208.

The mellow year is hastening to its close;
The little birds have almost sung their last,
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast—
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows;
The patient beauty of the scentless rose,
Oft with the morn's hoar crystal quaintly glassed,
Hangs,—a pale mourner for the summer past,—
And makes a little summer where it grows;
In the chill sunbeam of the faint, brief day,
The dusky waters shudder as they shine;
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way
Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks define;

And the gaunt woods, in ragged, scant array,
Wrap their old limbs, with somber ivy twined.

Hartley Coleridge.

209.

Let the young girl of America be instructed in the history of her country; let her be taught the story of the wives and mothers of the Revolution; of their devoted attachment to their country in the hour of its darkest peril; of that proud spirit of resistance to its oppressors which no persecution could overcome; of that unfaltering courage which lifted them high above the weakness of their sex, and lent them strength to encourage and to cheer the fainting spirits of those who were doing battle in its cause; and when that girl shall become a matron, that love of country will have grown with her growth and strengthened in her heart, and the first lessons that a mother's love will instil into the breast of the infant on her knee, will be the devotion to that country of which her education shall have taught her to be justly proud.—*Judah Philip Benjamin.*

210.

Take the young boy of America and lead his mind back to the days of Washington. Teach

him the story of the great man's life. Follow him from the moment when the youthful soldier first drew his sword in defense of his country, and depict his conduct and his courage on the dark battlefield where Braddock fell. Let each successive scene of the desperate Revolutionary struggle be made familiar to his mind; let him trace the wintry march by the blood-stained path of a barefooted soldiery, winding their painful way over a frozen soil; teach him in imagination to share the triumphs of Trenton, of Princeton, and of Yorktown. And as the story shall proceed, that boy's cheeks shall glow and his eye shall kindle with a noble enthusiasm, his heart shall beat with quicker pulse, and in his inmost soul shall he vow undying devotion to that country which, above all riches, possesses that priceless treasure, the name, the fame, and the memory of Washington.—*Judah Philip Benjamin.*

211.

The weather is that phase of Nature in which she is a creature of moods, of caprices, of cross-purposes; gloomy and downcast today, and all light and joy tomorrow; caressing and tender one moment, and severe and frigid the next; one day iron, the next day vapor; inconsistent, incon-

stant, incalculable; full of genius, full of folly, full of extremes; to be read and understood, not by rule, but by subtle signs and indications,—by a look, a glance, a presence, as we read and understand a man or woman.—*John Burroughs.*

212.

Happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven; and every countenance bright with smiles, and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever-shining benevolence. He who can turn churlishly away from contemplating the felicity of his fellow-beings, and can sit down darkling and repining in his loneliness when all around is joyful, may have his moments of strong excitement and selfish gratifications; but he wants the genial and social sympathies which constitute the charm of a merry Christmas.—*Washington Irving.*

213.

The compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, the loss of wealth, the loss of friends,

seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal a deep remedial force that underlies all facts.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

214.

The general character of the landscape in Southern California is amply and truthfully denoted in the objects that fill the picture as you make this journey toward the Mexican frontier. It is a landscape of wonderful amplitude and rich variety, and the sight of it at once broadens perception and dignifies thought. The life of the inhabitants may be frivolous or may be fine; the life of Nature is stupendous, and everything here has been made for grandeur. The mountains and the ocean, monitors of human insignificance and emblems of eternity, are here closely confronted; and, however much the spirit of the spectacle may be modified by inferior adjuncts, the dominant note of it is sublimity.

William Winter.

215.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts;

others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man; and therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.—*Francis Bacon.*

216.

Though, in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion.—From Washington's Farewell Address.

217.

Whichever way we turn, we are confronted with a flooding life which clothes the world as with a garment, constantly rewoven on invisible and inaudible looms. Sometimes the wave recedes, but it always returns; and even in its ebb we have learned to find the definite and inevitable promise of its flood. Winter is concealment, not absence of life, and the woods are as full of potential vitality when the snow covers them, as when the summer sun strives in vain to penetrate the depths of their foliage.—*Hamilton Mabie.*

218.

How shall we choose our books? Which are the best, the eternal, indispensable books? To all to whom reading is something more than a refined idleness these questions recur, bringing with them the sense of bewilderment; and a still, small voice within me is forever crying out for some guide across the Slough of Despond of an illimitable and ever-swelling literature. How many a man stands beside it, as uncertain of his pathway as the Pilgrim, when he who dreamed

the immortal dream heard him "break out with a lamentable cry; saying, What shall I do?"

Frederic Harrison.

219.

Some are of the opinion that the souls of men are all naturally equal, and that the great disparity we so often observe, arises from the different organization or structure of the body. But whatever constitutes this first disparity, the next great difference in their acquirements is owing to accidental differences in their education, fortunes, or course of life.—*Hughes.*

220.

Lincoln owed nothing to his birth, everything to his growth; had no training save what he gave himself; no nurture but only a wild and native strength. His life was his schooling, and every day of it gave to his character a new touch of development. His eyes, as they looked more and more abroad, beheld the national life, and comprehended it; and the lad who had been so rough-cut a provincial became, when grown to manhood, the one leader in all the nation who held the whole people singly in his heart.

Woodrow Wilson.

221.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live.

From Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg, November 19, 1863.

222.

This morning I was pitying those whose lives are obscure and joyless; now, I understand that God has provided a compensation with every trial. The smallest pleasure derives from rarity a relish otherwise unknown. Enjoyment is only what we feel to be such, and the luxurious man feels no longer: satiety has destroyed his appetite, while privation preserves to the other that

first of earthly blessings, the being easily made happy. If happiness is the rarest of blessings, it is because the reception of it is the rarest of virtues.—*Emil Souvestre.* (tr.)

223.

Now, to stuff our minds with what is simply trivial, simply curious, or that which at best has but a low nutritive power, this is to close our minds to what is solid and enlarging, and spiritually sustaining. Whether our neglect of the great books comes from our not reading at all, or from an incorrigible habit of reading the little books, it ends in just the same thing. And that thing is ignorance of all the greater literature of the world. To neglect all the abiding parts of knowledge for the sake of the evanescent parts, is really to know nothing worth knowing.

Frederic Harrison.

224.

Whether we climb them or gaze at them, the mountains produce in us that mingling of moral and physical emotion in which the temper of true worship consists. They seclude us from trifles, and give the mind the fellowship of greatness.

They inspire patience and peace; they speak of faithfulness and guardianship. But chiefly, the mountains are sacraments of hope. That high, steadfast line—how it raises the spirits, and lifts the heart from care; how early it signals the day, how near it brings heaven!

George Adam Smith.

225.

There are faces which nature charges with a meaning and pathos not belonging to the simple human soul that flutters beneath them, but speaking with joys and sorrows of foregone generations—eyes that tell of deep love which doubtless has been, and is, somewhere, but not paired with those eyes—perhaps paired with pale eyes that can say nothing; just as a national language may be instinct with poetry unfelt by the lips that use it.—*George Eliot.*

226.

Ye ice-falls; ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain,—
Torrents methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!

Who made you, glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the full keen moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living
flowers

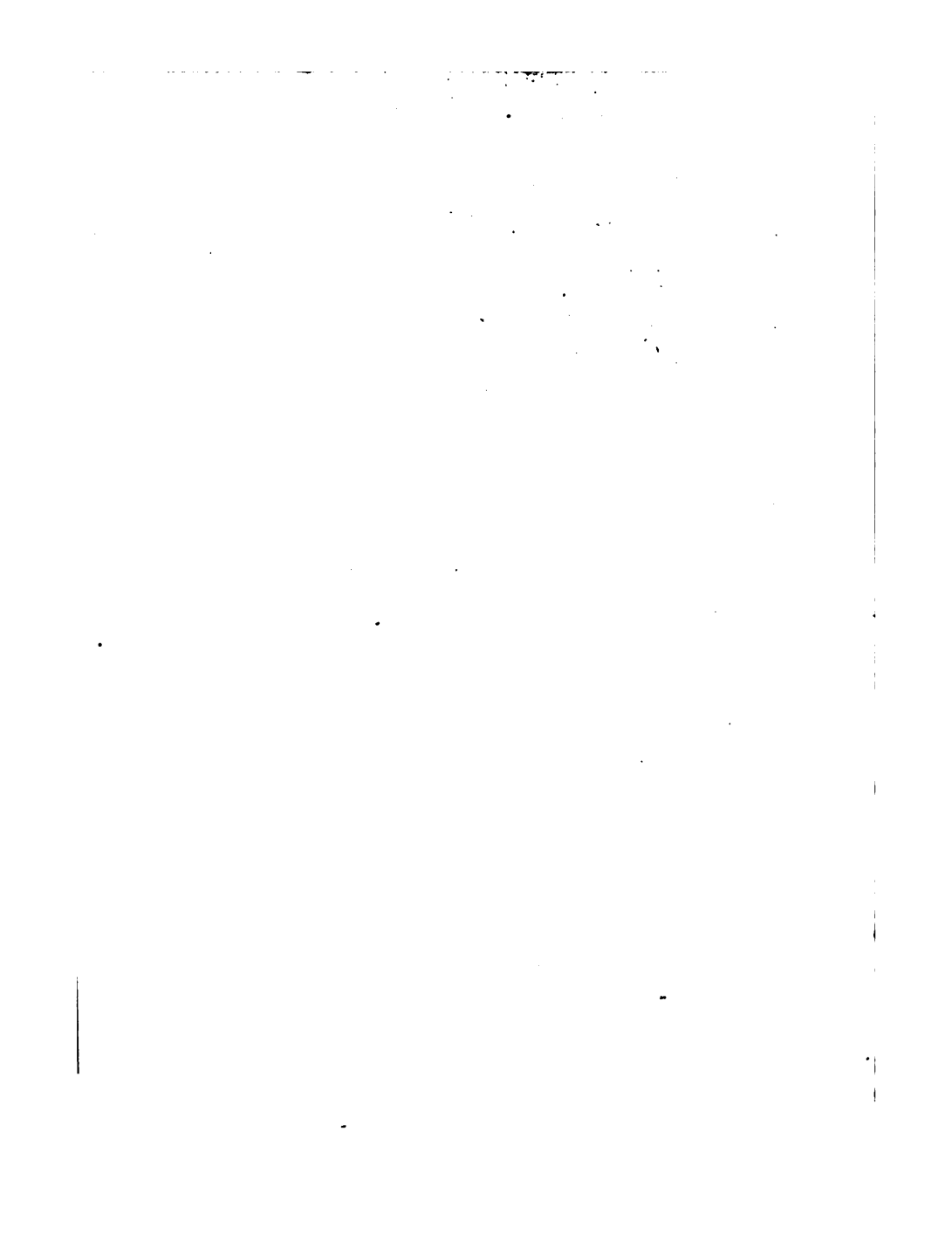
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer, and let the ice-plains echo, God!

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

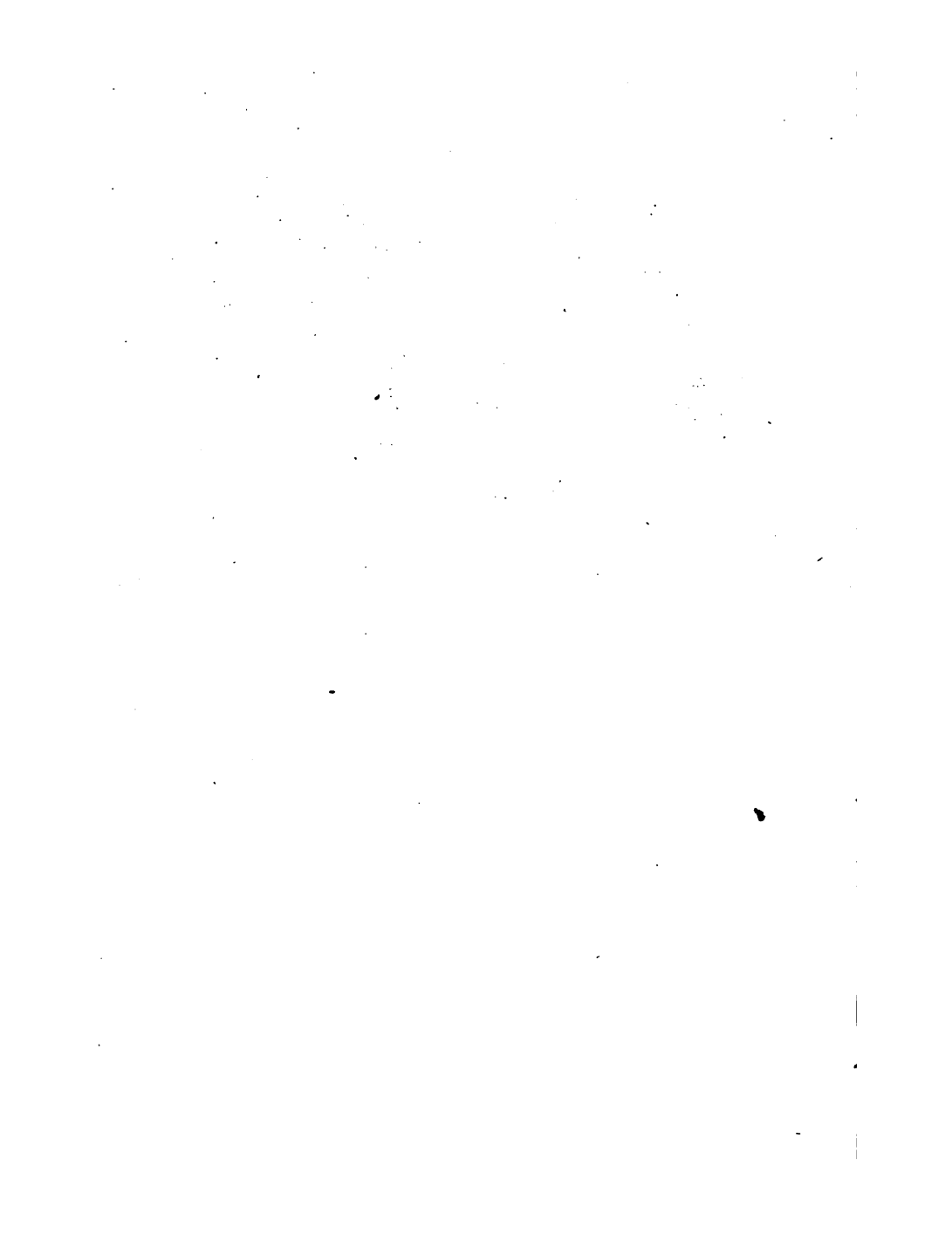
227.

The Great Stone Face, then, was a work of nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. True it is, that if the spectator approached too near, he lost the outline of the gigantic visage, and could discern only a heap of ponderous and gigantic rocks, piled in chaotic ruin one upon another. Retracing his steps, however, the wondrous features would again be seen.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.



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